

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 26, 1979

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MARCH 26, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 13

Metzger's sternest painter

With the assistance of St. Francis and the persistence of a bloodhound, Canada's future artist Glen Lukacs has carved an international reputation as unprecedented since Audubon. **Page 4**



Bygones, pay-later peace

By picking up the life for peace in the Middle East, Jimmy Carter may have stressed the decline of American power in the world. **Page 34**



COVER STORY

The Margaret factor

At the autobiography of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's estranged wife comes upon the election horizon, Canadians can be forgiven for wondering why she chose to let it all hang out—and why at all times now. There is also the matter of her claim to be a romantic lover with per-haps the most renowned political figure in the U.S. No wonder *Beyond Reason* is making waves. **Page 28**



The mendace

The too big to fail, but it hurts too much to laugh, and Alberta's new leader Grant Hickey after Premier Lougheed's twist back to power with his own whirling mandala. **Page 21**

Into the midnight sun

Having never been victorious at love, sixteen girls (three Canadian actresses) put in a shift at a Toronto bar in preparation for their roles in the 18th-century movie *Montezuma*. **Page 40**



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All is calm on the real estate front. **Dollar** on the rebound. **Canadian** looks find screen format. **Thompson** says he's making.

Brooks is located. **Marshall** law. **Real** (46) First break is shipped over and the last Super-Cut's rotary dinner for the deprived.

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Nature's sternest painter

By Ann Johnston

The script is pure soap: struggling wildlife artist finds fortune and fame, stumbles in a freak accident on a field trip and is bedridden for months with a painful leg injury, a question mark hanging over his future. Can Ryan O'Neal as the artist with one of the Wilson girls as his wife Henry on the victim.

The rendering may be a touch melodramatic, but there is no denying that the film has been triffing with Glen Loates. At 33, the "young master" of Canadian wildlife painting—his watercolors are commanding upward of \$30,000 and his book *The Art of Glen Loates* is valued in the thousands—is making a cautious comeback from his fabled hiatus. After 10 weeks in a Toronto hospital, two operations on a badly injured hip and countless hours in bed, Loates' doctors are still unable to explain fully the damage done last July when he fell while he was examining branches for background detail in a bird painting. Until June, when the final diagnosis is pronounced, Loates is gathering his strength with continual therapy and a slow-paced regimen. Just this month, he opened the doors to the first phase, a temperate-controlled studio where he scores his field sketches and animal skins to fill the preliminary drawings for his next limited-edition book, to be called *The Coming of Winter*. Loates is slowly resuming work, half a day at a time. For an artist who claims the world is his studio, the world has removed dramatically.

Faithfully, the profile of Glen Loates remains larger than life. The well-oiled machinery that first propelled his name into the limelight—a winning combination of talent, timing and superb marketing—has suffered no setback. "Internationally, Loates is getting more exposure right now than any Canadian artist other than [Jens-Paul] Siegel or perhaps [Alan] Corbett," says Toronto art critic Paul Thayer, who wrote the text for the first, fabulously successful Loates book. "The general public loves his work."

Fifteen years ago, not even Dolly Levi could have imagined this low affair. The effort bet for a future artist, until recently, was to hide behind a biology text, prey for the odd hunting-industrialist and court his change, that the

"raised ecological consciousness" of the past decade, and more specifically, the concern for endangered species, has brought new credence to nature art. The public heart, now softened, threatens to buckle into full-blown passion. Banks and baby seals are abundant and space is sold—beige homes with timber walls and griddles. "The interest in this kind of art has skyrocketed in the past few

years," says Loates. "I've been lucky; nobody is asking me to paint pictures of roses." Loates was just about the only thing that Loates doesn't paint. His disappointing gift is a rare ability—some say unprecedented—three. A dash—no paint every quality with equal ease. "Glen is unusual in that most nature artists are specialists," says Leo Linx,



The painter's passion: a passion for painting

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editor of *Artforum* magazine. "In addition, he's a great deal bolder than most."

Making no concessions to the city or the mere popularization of nature, Loates' specimens in a highly dramatic rendering of nature in the raw. With the patterns of St. Francis and the persistence of a bloodthirsty, Loates has been known to spend three days haring meat tossed to a lynx just to capture the facial reactions of an animal in attack. This passion for delivery, fueled by an interest for theater, has established him as one of the few artists since Adolphe who won't shy away from conflict between animals or avoid the "unpopular species." With equal interest Loates paints a raccoon family played by a river, a giant squid tearing at a sperm whale or a dead grouse lying between the paws of a Canada lynx. "I paint what I enjoy painting, not for the public," says Loates. "If I'm supposed to paint brooches or lampy stuff, I will."

Talent aside, most artists find the strongest deterrent to this approach is financial; the public doesn't tend to buy it. Even Penwick Landowner, the Victoria artist acclaimed by Loates as the "finest bird artist in the world," avoids the overly predatory, painting his birds of prey in a relaxing posture. "The furthest I'm willing to go is to paint a dead bird beside a live one," says Loates. Loates' work, however, seems to have overcome the traditional antipathy and his approach hasn't lost him any fans.

Predictably, the increased demand for wildlife art has drawn a flock of painters onto the act. Loates, who will do as many as 40 pencil sketches of an animal before committing it to watercolor, dominates the work of most as "just truly accurate or semi-abstract."

"There are many artists envying me," he says wryly. "So-called artists who are not dedicated to wildlife art have come to jump on the bandwagon to make a fast buck."

When Loates speaks of his first attempts at drawing, he leaves a distinct impression that he didn't discover art but rather it sat waiting for him. This is not a career; it's a calling. "It was chosen for me," says the soft-spoken painter. From the age of four, Loates, the son of a Toronto commercial artist, dined with prodigious energy on the banks of the Dee River and at the city's Riverside Zoo. He planned his future as a wildlife artist who needed when his mother took him at age 11 to see the Walt Disney classic *The Circus Dancer*. At 16 he quit school as the middle of Grade 8. "I was interfering with my art." This was the last schooling he saw. "This was the last school he applied to,



A crowd-pleasing Loates owl and an uncommercial artist equal: "I'm supposed to paint brooches or lampy stuff, I will."



including the Ontario College of Art, refused to send him. Besides a poor academic record, his "talent" didn't jibe with the demands of a fine arts program. From that year on, Loates has been his own teacher. He obviously had a good pupil; 11 years after he left school, a seven-month exhibit of his watercolors at the McMillan Canadian Collection in Kilmarnock, just south of Toronto, drew a crowd of 400,000.

While Loates made his name in art circles, single-handedly, his twin brother Bernie, the brains behind his transformation into a commercial art commodity five years ago, Bernie founded Nature Impressions, a wildly successful business which reproduces

Glen's art as just about everything short of toilet paper. Bernie's business acumen is legendary in the Loates family. "He's got a definite 'Wicks' touch," says Jim Loates, a third brother. In '71 Bernie's own publishing company, Cerebus Publishing, masterminded the production of *The Art of Glen Loates* in both trade and limited editions. The trade edition, co-published with Prentice-Hall, is now in its second printing of 30,000, making it the best-selling collection of any living Canadian artist's work.

As remarkable as the success of the trade edition may be, it's the limited edition of 300 that is truly breaking records. With an initial subscriber price of \$400 in '73, the resale value had rocketed to \$4,800 before the book even appeared last September, and in January a Texas sold a copy for \$5,200. Priced on 100-per-cent rug paper and hand-bound in steer hide, each volume comes in a hand-rolled cowboy case along with an original Loates lithograph of a North American bison. When two top publishing and film reproducing houses turned down the project, claiming the quality the Loates brothers demanded was impossible to attain, Bernie spent four years solving the technical difficulties in his own. He hired a European color specialist and bought his own press. They devised a



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new method of getting the ink to sit on the high quality, highly porous paper. The book's publication is nothing short of a landmark in Canadian book publishing. "The Lantos book is the first ever produced in Canada," says Toronto dealer Jack Jorin.

Bernie's involvement in Glen's art has gradually evolved into a manager-artist relationship and they get along remarkably well for two who, in the words of a close friend, "are able to sit

and dog." Glen likes to compare their partnership to the brother team of Walt and Ray Disney. "Like the Disneys we're very different, but together we make very progressive and worthwhile decisions. Bernie and Ray are a lot alike—Ray was a financial wizard and a good agent."

While Glen recuperates, Bernie is busy ensuring against a dry season by devoting the bulk of his considerable energy to the publication of *The Coming*

of Winter, a "more academic" limited-edition book on the winter lands of North America. Though it is not scheduled for completion until the fall of '90, all 500 copies were sold by January at the initial subscriber price of \$2,500, and the book is now trading for \$3,000.

Lantos did not adjust quickly to the constraints of his injury. Confined to bed last summer, he had his brother-in-law rig an easel above his head and spent a painful month completing a master painting of two harlequin ducks due for presentation at a Vancouver retrospective of his work in October. Finishing on schedule, Lantos presented the painting in person against his doctor's orders and returned home thoroughly exhausted. He's not likely to do a repeat performance for some time. "I'm learning to pace myself but it's very hard to know when to stop," he says. "I used to do a lot of things that you just take for granted. I suppose I was voraciously without thinking."

Lantos's current project—a first attempt at sculpting—is better suited to this slower pace. A set of four endangered animals cut in pewter—Florida panther, Key West silver-disked grizzly and timber wolf—have been commissioned by the Audubon Society to commemorate its 70th anniversary in 1990 in true Lantos fashion, the first design of the panther had it pursuing a rabbit, but that was vetoed by the society to avoid offending potential buyers.

The spoils of nature have certainly sweetened Lantos's situation. The superwild, like the tons of some later day Tut, brimming with handmade watercolor papers from Range and the Ray Kest, rare pale and shiny on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum, and hundreds of Lantos's own perfectly preserved field sketches, seem oddly out of place in the modest Toronto home he shares with his wife Sally and their son Scotty. With the theme of a six-year-old displaying his hobby cards, Lantos folds back the doors of a bookcase to reveal a rare collection of Daintytina—a Lithuanian army of ceramic, tin and paper figures.

With quiet resolution, Lantos waits until June for the final announcement on his condition—strongly suspected to be degenerative arthritis. Early this month, though, he felt well enough to visit his deer stable for the first time in nine months. Leaving his cane at home, he spent half a day in the field sketching cedar swamps and evening grasshoppers and returned home exhilarated. "I will always be limited and I'll never sketch grasshoppers in the mountains again," he said, "but things could be a lot worse." ☐

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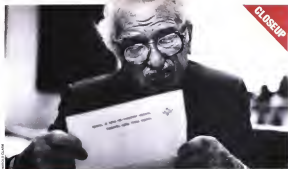
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Frontlines

The retirement conundrum

"Retire!" says Senator David Crombie. "I couldn't retire. I can't even take a three-day holiday."

At 78, an chairman of the Special Senate Committee on Retirement Age Policies, Crombie works a full day—up at 5 a.m. for a little exercise, then off to the Senate Chamber at 9:00 for a 12-hour stint spent pondering the topic of retirement. At an age when most Canadians are either twiddling their thumbs in an old folks home, riding adult tricycles down the sunny streets of Plantago Manor, Florida, or worrying about how a stiletto position will stay afloat of hell-hot reflexes, Crombie is still on the job—and he sees no reason why other Canadians, when the clock strikes 60, should be forced to retire if they don't want to.

In January, the U.S. government abolished mandatory retirement in the public sector and raised the age limit to 75 in the private sector. In Canada, Crombie and his committee of 10 representatives (ostensibly chosen to exclude one leaky member from the Yukon and a B.C. Indian delegate) have been holding public hearings since November, several times a week. Slowly, its members have been sending up upon slip of opinion-leaded pencils reports from the Canadian Medical Association, Statfo-

ties Canada, the Royal Bank of Canada, the cost and damage of other organizations, arguing the wisdom of early retirement, late retirement, or work into death. Crombie had hoped that a decision would be ready by summer, a spring

The awestruck Crombie (above) and Blackstock, co-chairman of the committee, are the leading stereotypes of this elderly



election, though, will postpone the outcome until the fall. But the senator is confident that Canadians will soon be considering their working lives with a new, improved hangover. "It must happen," says Crombie. "There is a whole new breed of young-old in this country and they demand recognition."

If it were up to Crombie, Canadians would have the answer tomorrow, since the Toronto-based senator—who directed a major Senate study into the problems of the aged in 1986, and chaired the Senate Committee on Poverty in Canada in 1971—is personally in favor of a flexible retirement age, depending on the nature of the job and the ability and wishes of the person doing it.

In the United States, where there are 50 million senior citizens, the new retirement legislation was introduced to Congress by 77-year-old Democrat Claude Pepper of (where else?) Florida. Ten thousand Grey Panthers, from 79-year-old Maggie Kahn's militant organization of "unwanted rednecks," see it as a solid victory for Grey Power.

Crombie would be happy if more good, grey Canadians showed the same kind of spirit. "Today's generation of older Canadians have bought society's insulting stereotype of themselves lock, stock



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and barrel," he says. "They believe they're weak, senile and incompetent, they don't know how to fight for their rights. Well, now we've walked in, and they've got somebody to fight for them."

Although Croft's committee has so far considered reports from a spectrum that includes business, labor, farm organizations, insurance companies and psychiatrists, the arguments fall into two basic camps: those who, like Croft, see the opportunity to keep on working as a lease on life itself (for them, forced retirement amounts to a legislated exile from society) and others who are dying to spend and go home.

For non-pension reasons, the Canadian Labor Congress is on the firing side of the retirement issue. The CLC, representing 2.3 million Canadians, has no plans to submit a brief to Croft's committee. But its president, Dennis McIlwain, has stated that the organization is "unambiguously opposed" to abolishing the present mandatory retirement age.

What the CLC position amounts to, according to the business point of view, is earlier retirement with higher pensions, supported by the public purse if necessary. "They want employment for younger people and more young people in the unions," says one prominent Toronto businessman who prefers not to be identified. "The business manbers because less money in union coffers, and less money for effective strikes. Insurance companies will go for a later retirement age because if workers pay into the pension funds, the insurance companies will have larger future earnings, as when they can make larger profits. Most big companies will probably agree to keep people on, provided that management has the right to terminate employment if a worker is inefficient or sick. Firing may present a problem. There may have to be some sort of job evaluation committee that will listen to the evidence and decide if a worker is being unjustly fired."

Not all workers, however, find their jobs life-enhancing. Many women, including the United States' women, are seriously considering leaving an earlier retirement age. Representing Canadian workers in mining, steelmaking and other heavy industries, the union, in a brief to the Ontario Royal Commission on Pensions, made it clear why women are being let out: Just, damn it, let them all stay! They show little interest in the career retirement debate.

About 68 per cent of the United Auto Workers assembly-line workers retire before 65, a remnant of the '70s and out-



Greta Paulsen's hair, she said, indicates

30 years of service) contracts negotiated since 1990. Says Sam Glavin, a CWA researcher: "If you give them the incentive to leave, they'll leave. It's not much fun working in an auto factory."

And what retired council of experts arrived at 65 as the appropriate age to retire? The unlikely answer is Otto von Rosenfeld, in 1984. On the advice of his financial advisors, the German chancellor calculated that since only five per cent of the country's population at that time could be expected to survive to the age of 65, the first bunch could afford to pay a small stipend to this elderly minority. This is hardly the case in Canada, in 1979.

In the mid-19th century, old age and retirement coincided, except for the rich, upper classes, the people worked as long as they could, or until they dropped. When they became too weak or sick, they "retired" and were thereafter "old." But those days, an estimated 60 per cent of North Americans over the age of 65 are still healthy, statistics indicate that a 65-year-old is on an even par with a 55-year-old woman, another 15 Gerontologists, in fact, now talk about two species of the elderly: the "old-old" people at the far end of the life spectrum, and the "young old"—those who are radically

different from previous elderly people in terms of health, energy, education and interests.

The most pressing issue for Croft's committee, however, is not the role of work in a satisfying life, but something more salient: who can afford to quit a job with a salary in these inflated times? And who can afford to pay the pensions for a growing segment of the population? In Canada, most traditional pension plans are tied into the life-span of the family wage-earner, and when he dies, his widow is left with nothing. Says Croft: "Between the ages of 50 and 64, the big reference are widows. The deserted, the divorced, the disabled, the widows, many of them never in the labor force—they're the forgotten people. If these women's organizations were smart, they'd go out into the community and help these people."

Roughly nine per cent (2.1 million) of Canada's population is over 65 today. By the year 2025, that percentage may double. According to a paper by the Canadian Council on Social Development, a private research group based in Ottawa, slightly over 50 per cent of retired Canadians in 1975 required an income supplement to bring their income up to the poverty level.

The council's recommendations were sensible: the government should develop policies that would offer greater freedom of choice to workers for retirement between 60 and 70, encourage compulsory retirement, develop special manpower programs for retirement-age people who want to go on working, develop volunteer programs for the retired. But the acute question in this of Croft's committee recommendations: mandatory retirement at 65 is legally abolished, who will quit and who will choose to stay on? Surveys in the U.S. indicate so far that most employees plan themselves out at 67 or 68. Will the best people leave and the worst ones linger on, as nervous employers now fear? Will younger personnel weather on the management side if expected promotions are not open? What will the outlook be then for unemployed young people?

Public interest is beginning to catch up with Croft's concern. When he talked to Madden's "I think it's a terrible mistake to throw people in the ash can..." a radio interviewer had just come and gone and a new fellow "was due any minute. "Right now, she is telling people that when they turn 65, they're supposed to suddenly feel old. As an adult lot of them are saying, 'Nuts to that—I feel more like 50.' We have to make provisions for these people."

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Frontlines

A building of one's own

One wall of the gym is lined with boxing gloves, another bears a poster proclaiming "Women demand the right to walk unaccompanied by look, word or action—anywhere, anytime." The Women's set of self-defense for women is taught here. ("Hard Women means or kill while soft Women will release a hold," proclaims a brochure.)

This gym is for women. In fact, the entire building it's in, a three-story, red-brick structure on Winnipeg's main thoroughfare Alexander Avenue, is for women. It's the principal headquarters of Women's Building, and it's the first of its kind in Canada. It has space for more than a dozen feminist groups, including Women in Trades, Women For Lesbian, Winnipeg Women's Liberation, Women For Housework, Winnipeg Women For Welfare and the Winnipeg Coalition Against Violence Toward Women.

The Women's Building is a symptom of a tightening economy. Governments, and notably Manitoba's Conservative administration, are backing off their subsidies. "So many feminist groups have to start to make grants and operate without grants," says Marlene MacDonell, 38, a vice-president of the nonprofit corporation that set up the building. "Our first aim is to protect weaker groups such as the lesbians. We also hope that by having many groups meet here there will be an exchange of ideas."

Winnipeg is only one of the cities exchanging in all about 1,000 women now use the building for various reasons, mostly in the evening. In the daytime it is a drop-in and day-care centre for area residents, most of them poor, many of them Indians. ("This isn't an affluent, white women's club," MacDonell insists.)

The building was bought from the United Church last October for \$30,000 and through thousands of women hours have gone into stripping paint, sanding floors and repairing walls, renovations are still far from complete. Nevertheless, besides various social action groups, it already houses the Painted Ladies Theatre Company, a women's writers' group, women's co-operative organizations and Mosaic (a graphics collective). By pooling and sharing resources, the inhabitants of this feminist Nash's are may have found a way to ride out the rising costs of society.

Peter Carby/Gordie

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Novel Manitoba's "Thunder" why is each of not subject to criticism as art?

other Canadian, subject to criticism as art rather than as a addition to contemporary cultural artifice, displayed and purchased by art galleries, not merely museums, and generally dealt with like the visual art creation of the dominant culture? We could learn a good deal about ourselves, our relationships with and attitudes toward the native people by exploring such questions.

CAROL H. CARPENTER
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR
DIVISION OF HUMANITIES
YORK UNIVERSITY, TORONTO, ONT.

Glory be to the son

Ms. defense of *Medicine* to expatriate friends living in Florida suffered a great setback with the appearance of *Only So Long As Father's Son* (Feb. 18), on Douglas Bennett. Besides making Bennett sound like the rather less-appearing, flailing his eventual take-over of the Telegram Corp to that of a greedy kid governments of the growing talk with his father's figure in a disservice to Mr. Bennett. It is a well-known fact that his father, John Bennett, is an unpopular figure with the media, but most the sons of the father he visited upon the son?

LYNN KILGORE IN NORTHERN
TORONTO

A little child shall lead them

The article on pedophilia in *The Body Politic* served its purpose as a focus of discussion. The sexual of this talked in important not only to gay people, but to the concept of free discussion in Canada. However, your coverage in *The*

Body in the Band Play On (Feb. 28) shows bias. There are not boys in a band, but men publishing one of the most influential gay papers in North America. Furthermore, it ends the piece with a quote from Reverend Kenneth Campbell on the anguish of the children, in this, the Year of the Child, is particularly telling. The Year of the Child should be an assessment of the status and needs of children as they are themselves—not a continued imposition of adult views such as Campbell's.

JENNIFER VIGOR, CALGARY

Vox pop vs. rep. by pop.

Your article *The Latest Glee: Quebec's New Rules* (Feb. 28) stated that the Task Force on Canadian Unity proposed that "Council of Federation" members "would be appointed by the provinces in line with the popular vote, but weighted in favor of smaller provinces." According to my copy of the report, "the council should be composed of delegations representing the provincial governments." "There is a great deal of difference between an upper chamber composed of delegations representing



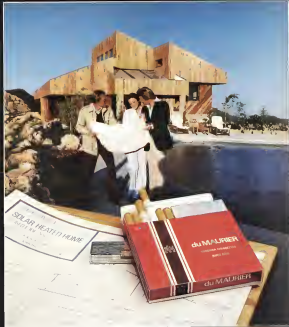
Jean-Luc Pugin: according to my copy

provincial governments and one reflecting the popular vote received by political parties. The latter formula was used by the federal government in its proposal for a "House of the Federation" (Bill C-60) and was rejected by the task force because party interests, rather than regional, would likely predominate in a body so constituted. The task force also suggested that the council members be distributed among provinces roughly in accordance with their respective population. Perhaps you went in line with the population rather than in line with the popular vote.

ANNE CAMPBELL, HALIFAX

The Red Man's burden

I commend you for drawing attention to Canadian art in *The New Age of Indian Art* (Jan. 22). However, I question the necessity to dwell upon the drinking habits of native artists. The problems with alcohol in native Canadian culture are well-known and such attention does not help this cultural situation, nor make it more understandable. Also, I wonder how you could have so easily passed over Gil Ashken's statement: "There is no such thing as Indian art, only Indian artists." This comment raises the whole question of the position of the native artists in our country, a matter which deserves a good deal of attention. Why is art by Indians not considered art like the creations of



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Letters

The roots of the matter

In *20th* Christopher's review *Roots* to *Joe Nat* (Feb. 26) she concludes that *Roots* The Next Generation is "neither good education nor good entertainment." I don't know whether the producers intended to entertain the viewers but they certainly have done much to educate North Americans about their own society. Obviously, Ms. Christopher feels that *Roots* should have ended with the black family riding off into the sunset to settle in Tennessee and live happily ever after. Surely, immigrants aside, the point of *Roots* II is to dramatize the continuity of oppression and racism which followed the blacks in the New World, the Civil War and emancipation notwithstanding, right up to the present.

G. LUDWIGS WATSON,
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY
UNIVERSITY OF Prince George and Island
CHARLOTTETOWN

And then there were nine

Barbara Amiel's to be congratulated on both the substance and form of her article in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, *Nine Men in Search of Cross-Haired Justice* (Feb. 22). As she pointed out, there is very little publicity given to the activities of this body or the personalities involved. The article answered a number of questions that I had thought of but never made a serious effort to find answers.

RICH L. KENNELCROFT, VICTORIA, B.C.

Attention paid

I was impressed with your insightful analysis of Nigeria's sociopolitical and economic dilemma in *From Slaves to Glories* (March 10). However, I was disappointed in your conclusion that Nigeria is a "country on the make that isn't making it." Politically, Nigeria is a country in the process of realizing its original structure and future course (with full understanding of its history and heterogeneous culture). Economically, it is experiencing growing pains in coping with its new peso-dollar beauty in face of rampant maldistribution of wealth. Socially and culturally, the problem is evolving a current mix of traditional values with those of a continually changing 20th century. While your implied prediction that true democracy would not emerge in Nigeria is somewhat premature, you deserve credit for drawing attention to a country whose fate may have greater effect on the international economic picture than is usually recognized.

TITUS OVILO, IRI, TORONTO

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The mandate is the message

Alberta New Democrat leader Grant Notley borrowed from Abe Lincoln as he studied his return bond. "I feel like the little boy who fell and grabbed his hat," he said quietly. "I'm too old to cry, but it hurts too much to laugh." And with Premier Peter Lougheed, backed by one of the biggest mandates in Canadian electoral history, unambiguously taking dead aim at Ottawans, it's an equation that must will be studied by federal politicians—Liberal and Conservative. Mike Torres may have crashed provincial opposition at the polls last week, but the heavy rain of the East was really Lougheed's intended victim.

In the 1975 election the Tory slogan was "Send a Message to Ottawa." Albertans did, electing 49 Conservatives in a 70-seat legislature. Although he didn't rise at the polls and call Albertans to arms that time around, the premier made it clear he was preparing for some hard-mood confrontations with Ottawans—in the guise of the opposition parties, but not to the electorate. Every Tory incumbent was re-elected—29 who had resigned were easily replaced by other Tories and the four new seats created by redistribution all went to the Conservative. The Social Credit party held onto the four seats it had, the NDP kept its one seat and the remaining seat, held by an independent who resigned, went to Lougheed. The final tally: Conservatives 44 of 70 seats, with 36 per cent of the popular vote.

In February, Lougheed rejected proposals for resource control at the federal-provincial constitutional conference in Ottawa, and he is quick to dismiss fears about weakening the central government, by pointing to Ottawa's may win before the Supreme Court of Canada on anti-inflation band powers. He suggests the court would be equally ready to accede to Ottawa's definition of what constitutes a "compelling national interest" that is not merely an aggregate of local interests, leaving provincial legislation primarily a paper right.

Allan Blakeney, premier of Saskatchewan, took a similar stand on resource control before last fall's election there, then fell into Ottawa's line after his victory. But comparisons between the two don't stand up, say analysts. Blakeney has long been a federalist, and when he was arguing for provincial rights he had a tough decision to win. Lougheed has predicated his entire political ca-



Lougheed on the heels of his victory meets Margaret Pearce (Notley) with son Stephen. The wish of human kindness runs true.



rier as an Alberta first statesman, although he said he expected not many more than 60 seats this time around, he was in no danger at the polls. "He may turn into a Blakeney," says a dubious Alberta Liberal leader Nick Taylor, "but the will of human kindness runs true in Peter's veins, he may use this mandate to shift the rest of Canada."

For all three opposition leaders, the cruxing support for Lougheed's provincial-rights/resource-protectionist stand was better heard loud. Second leader Bob Clark had hoped for an increase in 36 seats, privately predicted 28 and expected a realistic maximum of 12. "I really didn't think the resources issue was as important as local issues," he asserted. "I was wrong." For NDP leader Grant Notley, probably the most effective opposition member in the bar legislature, it was the shattering of a dream. He had anticipated—with some seeming justification—enough seats to take over as leader of the Opposition. And for Taylor, charged soundly in his own riding for the second time, it was a warning. "Perhaps we should have stood up more for Canada and worried less about the Heritage Savings Trust Fund," he mused. "Lougheed, Levesque and Ottawa—it's ominous."

All three disappointed leaders suggested they would have to reassess their

positions as party heads, but University of Alberta political science professor *Glenn Dwyer* estimated, "There's no point because different leaders would have done no better. In all three opposition parties, at the leader, not the philosophy, that gives them identity. Without them, their parties are nothing. Ronald Crooks, in the Albert-Edmonton contest, is long dead. It's Clark's party."

Longford never betrayed the least doubts during the campaign, and his confidence was constantly reinforced during his man-movieing. He was constantly clipped on the back by people congratulating him on his defence of Alberta against the dictatorial Rats. "Hope you keep fighting for our resources, Peter," said one woman, carrying "nature" from a store. "I'm in the crowd." Longford went before the TV cameras after the results were in, speaking reporters' questions but overflowing with sincere platitudes about "being sensitive to people in all walks of life, taking this mandate for what it means" and "looking seriously... We are at a key time in the crossroads of the future." Commented one observer, eyes were rampant. "So much for charisma in politics?"

Alberta appears to have the government made," concluded Nick Taylor. "But does it have the government it needs?"

Sumner Newman/Dan Lalibonpe

The Nation

Tying the Petrocan to Exxon

Members of the 1974 election campaign disagree in their heads, the federal Liberals do everything in common, they are co-opting—a combination with Alberta's scandal, Peter Longford, over resources. In 1974, the Liberals recall, Longford was openly in conflict with Ottawa for holding down oil prices to protect consumers and the federal Conservatives, with 19 new from Alberta, were forced to stand silent on the sidelines. The election result—a Liberal majority—has been traced in large part to the conflict and the Conservative top out. The Liberals are valuing over thought of a reply with Longford's own main exit in the role of the heavy and the Conservatives on wallflowers. But the Conservatives are betting it won't happen. Says Calgary MP Harvey Anderson, a key Tory strategist, "I think Longford is going to be very



Esso



Gilgipe (right) and Armstrong (left) believe they have found another target

quiet during this election."

Anderson means that Longford, having won his election, can afford to sit out the federal campaign and wait until after the vote is over to claim. Furthermore, says Anderson, the issues in dispute today—the precise wording of clauses in the constitution concerning resources and policies relating to tar-sand development—are not as urgent as in 1974. Nonetheless, the Liberals can

be expected to try to heat up the energy issue during the campaign and to make out Longford. They will also try to link Longford to federal Conservative leader Joe Clark, his former campaign worker. "If I were Clark," says one MP, "I'd be on the phone telling Longford to keep his head in the sand." Another Clark has that sort of influence over his former boss is doubtful; their relationship is much cooler than is commonly believed. But Longford can probably figure out for himself the advantage of keeping his head down over the next few months.

The Liberals, however, may have found another target for their re-election campaign in Imperial Oil Ltd., the country's biggest petroleum company and subsidiary of Exxon Corp, the world's largest oil company. Last week it received a fax and first response of a five-week-old government request that it start buying oil directly from Venezuela instead of using Exxon as a middleman. In spite of setbacks in the Venezuelan supplies requested by Exxon earlier this year, Imperial judged it "prudent" to continue its arrangement with its parent company. Imperial Chairman Jack Armstrong argued that Exxon, with its vast array of oil contracts, provides a more secure source of supply than would a single contract with Venezuela. Unanswered was the question whether Imperial really had any choice.

After receiving Imperial's rejection in response from Armstrong in his Parliament Hill office last week, Energy Minister Alastair Gilgipe issued a court press release saying he was "very disappointed." Gilgipe also announced that Petro-Canada, the government-owned oil company, has been instructed to purchase oil from Venezuela when Exxon's contract expires this year. Venezuela is apparently willing to make the switch to Petrocan. "We are trying to increase the number of customers we deal with, to diversify our clientele," explained Jean-Guy Gosselin, coordinator for petroleum affairs at Venezuela's Ottawa embassy. "We don't want to depend on just one or two big customers."

Gilgipe's end-run around Exxon to Venezuela provided a graphic illustration of the usefulness of Petrocan, which the Conservatives have vowed to dismantle. That plan was made at a time when the growth of government, not energy, was a feature issue. Now it may be coming back to haunt the Conservatives.

Attempting to make a virtue out of necessity, the Conservatives attacked Gilgipe for his move. They suggested that Petrocan will end up paying higher prices for Venezuelan oil than does Exxon and Canadian consumers will be the big losers in the switch. But even Imperial cast doubt on that suggestion. Said

Imperial Executive Vice-President J. M. Longmire: "Everybody pays the same price for the same grade of oil." Gilgipe turned the Tory attack on its head with a suggestion that Petrocan's involvement will bring lower prices for oil because there will be no middleman to skim off profits.

The whole affair provided Gilgipe and the Liberals with available publicity with an election upcoming. Moved Imperial's Livingston: "We have certainly fitted in well with the political environment." But Imperial also played into the government's hands by refusing its request to deal directly with Venezuela, something which Texas and Gulf have agreed to do. It remains to be seen if Longford will be an accommodating to the Liberals as Imperial has.

Jan Urquhart

Ottawa

Is it stealing if you put it back?

The McDonald's inquiry into the RCMP, after four mystery months of testimony behind closed doors, is finally stepped back in the sun next week. As a kind of prologue to the spring agenda, last week the commission released a heavily redacted transcript of recent testimony taken Nov. 15 from former Security Service director John Starnes. What emerged was a glimpse of a career bureaucrat prepared to

take the heat for his political masters. The matter in question was Operation 568, the clandestine removal of Parti Quebecois membership lists in January, 1975, from a Montreal office. Using a key supplied by a friendly source, 35 operatives sneaked into the building, removed computer tapes and had the print-outs produced at another plant in an attempt to prove suspicion of foreign financing of the PQ and infiltration of the federal government, police and armed forces by separatists.

Starnes, who authorized the night raid, provided in testimony that RAM was "a definite operation which involved political risks." But because a key was supplied and the tapes were returned, Starnes argued, it was not an illegal act. Starnes said he never said the cabinet because "if a case became public, it would be extremely

damaging to the government."

Starnes submitted that the climate for the operation actually was set at a meeting of the cabinet committee on security and intelligence in December, 1969. A note taken at that time by former commissioner William Haggart reads: "Some asked to provide a detailed report on the present state of separatism in Quebec in terms of organization, numbers involved." Starnes, who said he never received specific instruction from the Trudeau government, nonetheless concluded: "If you are talking of numbers involved and separatist organizations, you are obviously referring to party lists."

RAM, as Starnes testified in public, was a failure. The street work of grand-olds didn't prove anything and the documents were destroyed in July, 1975—at the time Prime Minister



Pierre Trudeau ordered the St to stop surveillance of a legitimate political party. Details of RAM were first revealed by then minister-general Francis Fox in the Commons on Oct. 28, 1977, shortly after the government says it learned of the raid.

Starnes also provides a peek at the huge mentality that existed a decade ago about the threat of Quebec separatism. Starnes testified that "the government had decided by late '68 that separatism should be considered a subversive movement." That the Security Service failed to anticipate the October Crisis in 1977 thus is a matter for further exploration by the McDonald inquiry. That the Parti Quebecois in its present form is a problem for the top officers and ministers who gave the marching orders.

Robert Lewis

*An act and RCMP in part on possible 35-year-old files submitted to McDonald before RAM was revealed, such as members of the operations without one of the members, according to the National Post, are involved in the planning.

the most daunting (though Roy's Creditistes seemed enough federal militants to elect an English-speaking Conservative minority government beholden to Roy and his caucus). Though fiercely independent and distrustful of the ng's penchant for state intervention, the intense and pioneering populist could be counted on as an ally of any Quebec government against federal authority. That, in fact, is his declared aim: "It is of the utmost importance to have a bloc of 30 or 35 Mps capable of defeating any strategy aimed at making Quebec."

For the Parti Québécois, Roy's passage to federal politics is less important and the ng's electoral machine will be at his service. Last week, as Roy turned down a national assembly committee, he was tagged by Intercontinental AS farm Minister Claude Morin, who called out: "Hey, Fabien, we've got things to discuss."

The departure of former national leader Lucien Bouchard last month (see box) and the sinking out of Roy signal Social Credit's abrupt swivel from a reversal of sitting down new roots in the West from where depression dented the party first sprouted. But Quebec's Social Credit movement never had much more than its name in common with that of Alberta or B.C. Primarily, the demise of the party's national dream is greeted over by interim leader Charles-Arthur Gauthier, an undertaker by trade. While Gauthier turns his party's post-Charbonneau Roy is carefully preserving his official reputation, suspected before month's



Fabien Roy, lieutenant to a government?

end) by demanding that local Social Credit groups across the province first express their loyal allegiance. The outcome of this consultation is unknown; Roy is perhaps the most universally liked politician in Quebec, admired for his self-reliance and inoperability. His quidnunc derives from the land and people of his native Basque region which, from the Maine border, follows the Chaudière River north toward Quebec City. The Basque is the most economically vigorous region in the province, thanks to its people's ingrained distrust of anyone but themselves and their ardent belief in co-operative banking and business. Basque voters also registered the strongest rejection of conscription in the federal government's 1968 referendum on compulsory war service: 97 per cent said no, while 64 per cent of Canada as a whole voted yes to conscription.

Roy will take that same spirit of defiance to Ottawa, along with his insistence that the awarding of Laborator to Quebec be a condition of any constitutional reform. And the informed Canada Roy demands is one in which the provinces will be "associated states" loosely linked by a submergent federal administration to which the provinces would delegate representatives and powers. The last time Quebec Social Creditmen entered a federal campaign under dynamic leadership was 1968 when the late René Cassepe stamped the nation by winning 35 seats. Conditions are ripe for a repeat.

David Thomas

Did he jump or was he pushed?

Somewhere tucked and surrounded by monolithic books and papers, 50-year-old English professor Lucien Bouchard warms himself about his decision to quit as national leader of the Social Credit party. "I wasn't pushed out, you know. I could have stayed and, on reflection, maybe I should have. I think the Social Credit was just discarded because of recent opinion polls. There's a whole event before us, isn't it? So he wasn't pushed. . . . I get the sense of the sudden decision last month to kick a Quebec leader. Really they want to cash in on a few votes by becoming involved with sovereignty associations—but they really decide some of the other party members we should be talking at. Social and economic reform, not getting mixed up with the language business. Money knows no language."

Bouchard's words: things were discussed.



More seasoned than politician Bouchard explains that Fabien Roy seems to be popular in Quebec and the party will if it can go forward with him. "I think it's a gamble and could backfire. They may pick up no votes and Union Nationale voters—but they may lose them too."

Another federal voter is known to know all about the pressures. He's a working-class, 40-year-old, middle-management executive and he lives in the South. This party produced his leadership role. He did the fact that he didn't have a federal seat and was some what limited in his movements. "The Canadian and the American wouldn't give me a federal seat. Though I don't care. I did. There were some financial constraints plus the fact that I was somewhat frozen out in Quebec."

Is he bitter about the decision to kick a Quebec leader? Not at all. "There were some things I found detrimental about being a party leader. People call you the way and that and you keep in contact with your principles. I have thought about Social Credit and I believe you should stick firmly to principles even if you go down with them."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon



Trust Allied. We make all the right moves.

By Judith Tinsion

In a post winter retreat at Ocho Rios, Jamaica, last week, the telephone rang for Margaret Trudeau. She answered it in her little-girl voice, all tremulous and open, but did not recognize the name of her caller. There was no distant pause on her part to invite explanation, no softly phrased "yes" to elicit a statement of the business at hand. Instead the definite voice turned a toothy frown. "Who are you calling?" It was a much more threatening voice, this one, with an edge, the same kind of tone a New York movie mogul might use when he picks up the phone and says "Get me the court." It was the voice of a celebrity, with a left-make-a-deal ring to it, laced with the certitude that its owner was hot property.

It was not exactly the voice of pence, but then Margaret Trudeau has travelled far and fast and had to leave a few things behind. A woman who, at 30, has gone through at least as many public costume changes as her celebrated



politician husband Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau (who in one year short of being twice her age, she has recently climbed for decades, drawing on one's sensibilities) to yet another rung in the ladder of life with her emergence as *The Author*, or at least, the *Author-in-Waiting*. After following her program from distant child-hood through Earth Mother to its rapid succession, girl photographer, working mother who would never leave her husband and children, working mother who left her husband and children and, finally, actress-journalist, Canadians could be forgiven for believing there is nothing new to learn about Margaret Jose ("I've gotta be me, I've gotta be free") Trudeau. They were just wrong.

Few are yet aware of attempts last December to patch up her marriage, with her husband's agreement to retire from politics, of the financial arrangements between her and her husband when they separated—or of her claim to a romantic liaison with perhaps the most renowned political figure in the

woman ever hatched on this earth" was one dramatic quote that appeared in an interview Margaret gave to the *Daily Express's* leading columnist, Jean Ross.

With lightning speed, there has been an injunction sought and won by her publishers Paddington Press to prevent the airing on the TV network of a "revelation" interview with the lady in question because the reporter Henry Chemp allegedly broke an embargo agreement. (Consider the court action, a CTV publicity clerk said that in the interview "she talks of the one-night love affair that was the last straw of her troubled marriage.")

And there has been the ensuing (or horrifying—again depending on one's sensibilities) spectacle of grown men and women representing newspaper editors, advertisers, publishers and distributors holding each other's hands, exchanging hysterical phone calls, telegraphing warrants, filing affidavits and impugning (with their fingers and toes crossed) what is virtually their own Official Secrets Act on a 256-page property for copyright shared that far then—as well as for the author, by her own admission—came down to one familiar word: money.

In an affidavit filed with the Supreme Court of Ontario in the Paddington Press vs. Henry Chemp case, the London *Daily Express* disclosed it had received £100,000 in its "Trudeau serialization program." Her Washington lawyer Steve Martindale predicted she would lose up to \$500,000 if material from *Beyond Reason* were released prior to the April 5 serialization date. The only official figures available regarding sales of the book in the \$250,000 paid by Pocket Books for the paperback rights. If any of these figures is accurate, it is enough to conclude that by turning her back on a prime minister and changing her name at Canadian political life, a 30-year-old woman whose intelligence, stability and charm have all become a matter of public debate is having infinitely more impact than she would have had the stock around to pour tea.

Moreover, there is still the unanswered question hanging in the political air as to what effect, if any, the publication of *Beyond Reason* and the author's subsequent promotional tour of Canada and the U.S. will have on the pending federal election campaign. Margaret Trudeau's already emotionally beleaguered husband now from the right-marsh prospect of having to compete with his estranged wife for front page space during what is clearly a crucial time for the country. While he murmurs about national unity and economic stability in *Money Now*, she could be, if she



Lawyer Martindale and Margaret at Suite 54 in New York. He put the book deal together and is now negotiating the movie rights

continue true to form, breathlessly informing the world Why Pierre Trudeau? My Bye, or How I Shook Grass to Eat in such scheduled low-key appearances as a press conference at the Washington Press Club or as interviewee on K.C.'s Today Show.

Sister Howard, the vice-president of Paddington Press in New York, insists that Margaret, (with whom, she says "there's nothing to compare in the publishing world, she's not Ross, she's not Betty Ford, she's neither singer") will only be modest in promotion "that is best and that is in good taste," which could be a contradiction in terms. The fact of the matter is that if she has proven herself adept at anything in her painful public search for self-worth it is

Maggie in the marketplace: why she let it all hang out

Three faces of Maggie T. From flower child, through political wife and mother, to celebrity jet setter, a focus of controversy



United States. Whether all these details will emerge in her autobiography *Beyond Reason*, or during her forthcoming promotional tour, is unclear. But the role Margaret Trudeau is about to embark on may well bring her more notoriety than all the others combined.

With less than two weeks remaining before the serialization of *Beyond Reason* begins in newspapers around the world (April 21, less than one month before it actually hits the bookshelves and springing more leaks than the Titanic, the Margaret Trudeau book publishing affair contains enough dramatic tension—and comic relief—to be a book in itself). There have been her own private revelations about her tumultuous life with the prime minister splattered across the pages of the British newspapers and eagerly reprinted in Canada. "He crushed me, he gave me nothing to do, he treated me like the most worthless





Margaret and family at Ottawa in 1937. He crashed her, his gave me nothing to do

at being spectacularly undesired. "You get the feeling the downtown is totally in the hands of the reporter," says one journalist who has interviewed her several times.

This is not good news to the Liberal party. While there are many who feel the only effect Margaret could have on their leader's political fortunes would be to generate enormous sympathy for a man who has publicly shown restraint in the face of her apparent attempts to humiliate him ("I can't say I don't have any reaction, but I will say I keep it to myself," he said recently), there are others who are not so sure.

"She could be the turning point in electing a Tory government," was the first prediction of one Liberal candidate who has known Margaret socially for several years. "I don't think she has any idea of how much damage she is doing to her husband's government." Conversely, the point is being made with alacrity in some political circles that, if nothing else, Margaret or "the Hally wood-struck, dove-loving estranged wife of..." as the British tabloids describe her, is walking—sometimes dancing—proof of Trudeau's bad judgment, a painful reminder in her ongoing indecision and reluctant admission of a middle-aged man's folly. (Although the point could be made that a prime minister needn't choose a wife the way he chooses a cabinet minister.)

In 1971, Pierre Elliott Trudeau was 51 to Margaret Trudeau's blinking 32 when they married in Vancouver amid daisies and bone-lubed wedding cake. There

will live a great many young women of Margaret's age who didn't even have a lot for marrying so young, producing three children in rapid succession and living her life as a full-time. That had absolutely nothing to do with the "The rain-buried gold-plated shells of independence and self-fulfillment."

When Margaret finally decided to seek a little of both, she did so with a vengeance ("The woman who gave freedom a bad name," as she's known in some circles.)

The mostly psychological term for her behavior during the disintegration of her six-year marriage would be "acting out." Everyone does it—children against too-strict parents, husbands and wives against what they believe to be the repressive (or ensuring) behavior toward each other. But Margaret's similar performances—her staging debut when she hosted the first lady of Venezuela, her stint as a recalcitrant rock 'n' roll groupie, her pronouncements about women—had an added flip that is essentially the key component in her story: every time she did something outrageous, it brought her more publicity. The public was charmed or disgusted, but always titillated, always attentive. She began to see herself, perhaps even value herself in terms of her own celebrity. In the presence of friends she would always sigh and say "Ah, there go the cameras again." It was as if she had an image of herself as always being in the viewfinder.

Her relationship with the press became compulsive. No matter how much she got burned (as she said she did in the famous episode and garter belt interview in *People* magazine) she went back for more almost during the press and even her friends to take her to task for her outlandish behavior.

One night in February of 1976, in the wake of extensive publicity about her Latin-American adventures, Margaret, after going to the movies with her Mexican escort, gave him the slip and subverted gracefully into the National Press Club, where, in her expansive form, she stood at the bar flirting and joking with several astounded reporters. One of the prime minister's horrified press secretaries happened to be present and quickly embarked on a "let's-get-her-the-hell-out-of-here" operation. Trudeau, at a Liberal party function across the street in the Parliament buildings, was dispatched to fetch her. He too arrived in a limousine for escort, with a leather-coated Maconne at his side. Obviously uncomfortable, he waited until she had a little fun with his presence, then danced with her once or twice before suggesting they leave.

Before they did so, however, Margaret



event paid a visit to the ladies' room. When she emerged, according to one reporter who was there at the time, she was enveloped in the ornate smoke haze of marijuana smoke. There followed the bizarre tableau of the prime minister of Canada, Margaret, and at least one member of the security apparatus with his eyes fixed on the ceiling overlooking out of the elevator on the ground floor of the National Press Building—followed by a cloud of hazy smoke. That part of the incident went unreported in the press, by agreement, as people's social slipping and sliding in the club is considered out of bounds for reporters.

But it was clear that Margaret was engaging in deliberately provocative behavior. What wasn't clear—and perhaps few had the idea when it came to play it—was just how far she would go. In 1977, she confided that she had earlier had a brief romantic liaison with Senator Edward Kennedy. She added that her husband had found out about it and was extremely annoyed. She speculated on how traumatic it would be if Kennedy, a potential Democratic presidential nominee, were elected president and the two men had to deal with each other as heads of government. If she was telling the truth, it is difficult to determine which was the more monumental indiscretion—doing it or talking about it.

Andy Warhol's famous analysis of the Seventies has become a cliché in an age where the public appetite for gossip is nurtured possibly only by that fact. Big Men, everyone will be a celebrity for 15 minutes. Margaret Trudeau, it seems, wanted to figure a little longer than that in the spotlight.

A little over a year ago, she developed the idea for *Revelation* around her own choice of a title, she said, "because that's what they say everything I do, don't they?" with a young Washington "celebrity" lawyer, Steve Martandale. She had met him, three years before while driving in Washington with the U.S. ambassador to Canada, Thomas Enders, and his wife. Good-looking and originally from Pacifico, Idaho, Martandale, 35, attended so quickly into the upper social strata that his rise was chronicled in an article by *The Washington Post's* star lifestyle reporter Sally Quinn. (Martandale says reports that he travels in a Lear jet to meet clients are greatly exaggerated. "I did it once from London to keep an appointment. It's expensive.")

Together he and Margaret negotiated a deal with Puddington Press Ltd.

On the beach in the presence of Jade, she would sigh "There go the cameras again."



Proletarians in Israel (below), Carter with Sadat (left) and with Begin (like a cushion, he carries around the latest deal

promises, and from later leaks, it was possible to piece together an outline. Begin is to get a "letter of assurance" from the U.S. promising its support in case of Arab attack, a coup in Egypt or other threats and detailing exactly how that situation will be met.

On the question of "autonomy" for the Palestinians on the West Bank and in Gaza, both Sadat and Begin have backed down a little. Begin has agreed that some restrictions, on the holding of political meetings and freedom of travel, will be lifted on the signing of the treaty. He has also agreed that an election will start in 1981 and be completed within a year to draw up plans for freely held elections on the question. Sadat has agreed to soften his approach and not insist on a firm date for these elections.

Begin has backed down over other issues it has with Arab nations. At least one of these committed Cairo to invade Israel should other states, such as Syria, vote to do so. But the new treaty with Egypt will end this precedent. The Egyptians have also backed down over an exchange of ambassadors. They had originally insisted that this would

not happen until the Palestinians had their autonomy, but now they have agreed to an exchange as soon as the Israelis leave the Sinai.

In return for these concessions Carter agreed to pay about \$5 billion in aid. But when the amount the U.S. is already giving Egypt and Israel was added, the real cost over the next three or four years will be much more than \$10 billion. Carter planned to divide the \$5 billion down the middle, \$1 billion on relations with Israel and \$4 billion from the State to the Negro, \$1 billion on economic aid to Egypt, and \$1.5 billion in military assistance for each side.

Begin was quick to submit a list of arms: 300 F-16 fighters, 600 tanks, 500 artillery pieces, 2,500 armored troop carriers, 200 aircraft carriers, naval destroyers and submarines. The money, not to say the danger, of providing such an arsenal in exchange for a peace treaty was not lost on the Pentagon. But the White House last week was rationalizing the offer in terms of Egypt's "security" for, particularly, its poor relations with its neighbor Libya and the security of Sudan.

But it was not the price in dollars which worried some Western observers. They agreed that while the chief Western interest in the Middle East was the long-term safeguarding of its

oil supplies, there were serious doubts that an Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty on the terms agreed would in fact achieve that aim.

For one thing, the issue of Palestinian self-determination had been brooked aside, creating a situation in which some of the principal "moderate" oil suppliers had been forced to take the side of Arab "militants." For another, there was a genuine danger that massive infusions of arms and economic aid into Egypt would create a situation not unlike that in pre-revolutionary Iraq.

It was the Palestinian situation, however, which was the touchstone of Arab opposition to the treaty and which, therefore, probably held the key to future events. As diplomats in half a dozen capitals were only too willing to point out last week, while "self-determination" and "autonomy" sound much the same, they are not so in reality.

What the Palestinians were likely to get was described not very long ago by a correspondent at the Israeli daily paper *Haaretz* as "empty of meaning." In essence it boiled down to a measure of local government without any real control over finances, land and water resources or law and order which, a committee headed by Eliahu Ben-Shimon, director-general of Begin's office on economic issues, would continue

World News

A buy-now, pay-later peace

By William Lowthorpe

Slight new, pay later. That appeared to be the situation at work as well as in Israel, Egypt and the United States prepared to complete a Middle East peace treaty bought—like the game in the park—on time. But appearances were deceptive. For one thing, President Jimmy Carter's cheque-book diplomacy might prove to be the longest run to have cost a lot more than money; for another there was even doubt that there would be a long run.

Within days of Carter's triumphant return, a revisit by Egyptian Foreign Minister Boutros Ghali on French radio seemed to cast a shadow over the euphoria. The reason for both was the future. It was the Israeli-occupied Golan strip and West Bank of the Jordan River. The Israeli National Religious Party, partner in Prime Minister Menachem Begin's coalition, was worried that he

might give away too much. Ghali feared Begin might give away too little. He wanted an exchange of letters establishing a "cushion" for Palestinian "autonomy" in the territories, which Israel captured in the 1967 war. Without it, he said, there would be no treaty.

Meanwhile, in the process of picking up the tab for peace, Carter had underlined anew the decline of American power in the world. While the highly respected U.S. political commentator Joseph Kraft, "The sad truth is that it took an American president six days of round-the-clock shuttle diplomacy to budge by a couple of millimetres two countries almost totally dependent on the United States."

Not only that, but Carter's top aides—a team headed by national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and including the president's son Chip—were to spend most of this week back in the Middle East desperately trying to persuade Saudi Arabia, Jordan and other

Arab countries not to scuttle the deal. For despite the implied might of super-power backing, the agreement between Israel and Egypt remained as fragile, and as open to differing interpretations as a dead hen served.

Even on the political front at home all was not plain sailing. Had Carter returned to Washington empty-handed, it is doubtful, in view of his other foreign policy failures, that he could have won the 1980 election. Now, at least, he has another chance, though his reputation is still badly dented. Among the jokers always a bad sign—consulting in Washington last week was one by British historian Paul Johnson. He told a private luncheon meeting "It seems Mr Carter is like a cushion. He carries the imprint of the last person to sit on him." It was still not clear, at week's end, just what the complete treaty package contained. All sides wanted to keep some aspects secret. But from private briefings given by Carter to em-



to be annexed by Israel. Jewish settlements, on the other hand, would be linked closely with the Israeli civil administration, and there would be a great many more of them—as many as 25,000 families in 84 settlements over the next five years, according to one report.

Whether any of that would be altered by the presence, as apparently envisaged, of Egyptian observers in the occupied territories during negotiations for a "final-status" agreement was open to serious doubt. Certainly the Palestinians themselves did not believe so. Just last week's Egyptian protests, swiftly put down by Israeli troops, were largely aimed in turn toward questions about the right of Palestinians to hold political meetings, also reportedly to be embargoed in the agreement.

Again, Palestinians' freedom to move about inside the occupied territories left involved the future of those Palestinian who fled to Israel from the Israeli armistice and who have since been prevented from returning by Israeli border guards on the Jordan bridge to reclaim their land—much of which has been expropriated.

Against that background the reported fears of the National Frontist Party, which just forwarded five principles on autonomy—the Palestine as state and no autonomy over security, land, water or Israeli settlements—seem premature.

That much already be said, however, about fears that the leaders of peace would strengthen Arab mistrust of U.S. intentions—and those of its Western allies—and lead to counter-measures ranging from an increase in terrorism to use of the oil weapon.

As small parties said, "The article meant one such only, if it spreads—first to Saudi Arabia and Jordan and then to the other Arab states and the Palestinians. That means establishing confidence in the United States throughout the Middle East. The strange part for that enterprise is close to zero."

Should things go wrong, the fallout was certain to be worldwide, but no where thicker than on the Carter White House. There was no shortage of candidates to vent the public about even a transfer in foreign prestige. But in the Carter's return, before the Middle East, Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut became the sixth Republican to enter the presidential race, while in the Democratic Party united continued to grow. So did the number of "Carter" jokes. The joke was perhaps the most telling: "Do you think that the Carter will be a competent president?" asked the straight man on one TV talk show.

"Yeah," replied the comic, "he may make it that far." ☐

Paris

An old and new way to say money

The giant billboards across Europe, designed to draw up interest in next June's European parliamentary elections, show a small, whimsical Keynesian flourish into a city known as Europe. It's a spirit, "reads the banner below. But last week, as the leaders of the nine Common Market countries gathered under the fumes and gilt of Paris's Ritz Hotel Convention Centre for the 15th European Council summit talks, that spirit seemed more than a little faded. Not only did each of the chiefs suddenly find himself beset by a pressing domestic crisis, but two of them—Belgium's Paul Vanden Boeckorst and Italy's Giulio Andreotti—came as candidate premiers expecting to maintain temperance without government.

As the community launched its long-

awaited and hotly debated European Monetary System, it was no surprise that Britain opted to sit hulkily on the sidelines or that Prime Minister James Callaghan threatened against the 100's unlikely agricultural policies in what sounded suspiciously like the homogenous, clamorous, that even using the remaining night, the sense of celebration was decidedly muted as the complex currency alignment network slipped into operation on the last morning of the summit.

There was, after all, good reason for the procrastination. As a country remained only too well, the real test of Europe's attempt to create a stable monetary zone could come over the next months in the form of increased oil prices and shortages. Indeed, as that chief learned with growing certainty at the end of the summit scheduled for Geneva next week, the prospects for a core European future already seemed dimmed with the very real probability of an energy crisis that will test not only the mettle of the fledgling monetary



system but challenge the very fabric of Europe itself.

It was all which, originally, had inspired the 1958 European treaty. U.S. President Jimmy Carter's apparent inability to control the American economy by raising its oil imports—which had resulted in wild speculation against the American dollar—German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing devised the scheme exactly a year ago, at a community summit in Copenhagen. Their vision was to draw free from the capricious price strings of the U.S. dollar and, in the process, to lay the cornerstone for a new European power bloc—what Giscard d'Estaing termed "a true European confederacy."

If the actual mechanics of the system are enough to confound computer-tinged economists, the basic premise is simple enough, drawing essentially on a new \$10-billion European monetary fund, to which each member nation must contribute the equivalent of 28 per cent of its currency and gold reserves, the countries will come to the aid of each other's money when it comes in need by more than 25 per cent from a fixed point (two per cent is the case of Italy). The anchor of that point is the symbol "ECU," or European Currency Unit, a basic monetary unit of account which, not coincidentally, was the name of a French medieval coin—the cross.

But in Callaghan's language used, the 1960 is not the currency of the day's headline—the agricultural problems are far from solved. The 1960's controversial policy of financing farm surpluses will eat up 70 per cent of its budget this year. On top of that, the continent is facing staggering economic problems coupled with record unemployment. However, as the summit's final communiqué underlined with a taste of the very veiled puns, Europe's most crucial preoccupation right now is oil—or the lack of it.

The currencies of the future revolve

Roy Jenkins, president of the Commission of European Communities (left), Giscard (center) and French Foreign Minister François Ponsard, transfer under the treaties

other countries on the location, as well as a threatened exodus in production. Europe is facing a period of real crisis. As one 1980 report warned, such extra dollar added to the price of a barrel of oil will cost the community 1.5 per cent in extra inflation and slow down growth by one per cent.

As the summit ended, the Nine pledged to trim the community's oil imports by five per cent, or 55 million tons, this year. And they also agreed to step up the use of their coal resources and push ahead their nuclear power schemes. But the most reassuring piece of news is an urgent call for a dialogue with the oil-producing countries as a bid to prevent economic stability. The spirit, as the billboard blurbs hinted, may be fleeting, but the future is bleak.

Maed Mc Donald

Alabama

'This fella wants to die'

There could be the year of the execution in America. That is partly why the 42 men on Death Row in Alabama's Holman Jail were hanging at the bars of their cells with tin spoons last week—complaining that dinner had been served cold again. Little things mean a lot when time is short.

But one man, Johnny Evans, 29, just sat back in silence. Lean and mean, Johnny wants to die. He is another Gary Galt. And it seems very likely that his last wish will be granted. On April 6 he is due to be strapped into an electric chair and shocked to death by 2,300 volts of direct current passed through his body eight times in two minutes.

It will be an ugly end, but it will not be unique. Evans may be only the first of as many as 60 condemned men—most of them in the southern states—to be executed before year's end. With the one exception of Gilmore—who the Evans, refused to appeal a death sentence—there has been a 13-year moratorium on executions in the United States. Under the Supreme Court steps in to change the law in the next few days there are predictions of more than 100 executions a year in the 1980s.

Johnny Evans has pining, bright blue eyes. The other prisoners hate him because they rightly resent that his approach to death may soon rob them of 5

life. "Once they start by killin' one, why they just keep keepin' and kill them all," drawled a southern sheriff last week.

John Hale, public information officer for the Alabama Board of Corrections, visited Evans on Death Row last week. Later he told Marlow's "This fella has said the same damn thing throughout. He wants to die, and he don't think as he's when he says it."

The way Evans talks, says Hale, he had lived a life of crime since he was 15. It was all a big crime—the only excitement he could find. He expected to get shut down by the police.

But now, says Hale, Evans knows that he will never be released—and so



Evans: It promises to be a bloody decade

A dreamer whose time caught up

Like all pupils of the dead Jean Monnet, alluded in the notes where grand strategy are born. When others were talking of rising Britain, France and Germany from their ruins after the Second World War, he was already enthusiastic about building a united Europe. When the European Coal and Steel Community came into being in 1962, hardly at he boded he would already working on the blueprint of a broad European economic community.

And he began had his common modest became a reality from the strong-headed Frenchman was holding out for full political and military independence in what he called as a United States of Europe. Monnet was always one step ahead of his contemporaries, but time caught up with him last week at his country home near Paris. The Father of Europe died in his sleep at the age of 90. It was today that he will be buried the week that the European monetary system began to function (France doesn't put three months before the first direct elections to the European parliament).

Monnet's career spanned six decades and four continents. It began in Western Canada where he sold bonds for his father-in-law. In the First World War he supplied France with tanks and arms from North America, then became a powerful banker in New York, a lobbyist abroad in Paris in China, a financial adviser to the League of Nations and the architect of the



Monnet, influenced with Churchill

economic plan that set France on the road to prosperity after 1945. Monnet was a confidant of Roosevelt, Churchill and de Gaulle, and traded loans in the Kremlin with Stalin.

But for politics and major success slowed him. He was unable to marry the woman he loved an Italian who had constructed an oil as marriage in Italy where divorce was illegal. Monnet eventually discovered that Soviet law would give the woman's divorce as he needed her to Moscow, destined through the paperwork and even sent her to the altar—all in less than a week. "Of all the death he pulled off," he said near the end of his life, "this was the very best."

Peter Lewis

his priority is the electric chair. He says: "I want that chair right there, that's the only way I can get out of here, and I'm going to take it."

It was late last summer when Evans decided to hold up a pawnshop in Mobile, Alabama. When he asked for cash the broker made a dive for a shotgun. Evans shot him in the man's two young daughters, aged seven and nine, watched in horror. Later Evans admitted to dozens of other armed robberies and the murder of two.

Next in the place of execution in Holman Jail there is an eight-foot witness

room. In the case of Evans, the state of Alabama has decided to allow a pool of journalists in there while the rest of the jail press and TV reporters may get to watch on closed-circuit television. "But this will be only if we can do it with some dignity," says Hale. "It would be to help, for instance, the nursing parents who would be right on their death line so that they wouldn't have to wait for some pool reporter."

Interestingly, most Americans do not realize that a state of execution is in the offing. Many believe that capital punishment is actually banned by law

and overlook the fact that 34 states, including all those in the South, have over the last three or four years passed special statutes restoring the right to execute, thus gutting around the 1952 Supreme Court ruling that the death penalty was unconstitutional because it was "arbitrary and capricious."

There are now nearly 100 men and five women on Death Row in 35 states, and their appeals are mounting out. If Evans gets his wish despite the pleas of his new lawyers, or if another condemned man is executed, then a legal precedent will be set. **William Lawther**



France

The high-seas arms bazaar

Hauling north off the French coast, the 402-ton Disk Zee looked as different from any other cargo vessel used members of the arm were observed dangling over the side, busily painting a new name—Bretter Trailer—on the hull. The bazaar point just across French marine officials' noses, heightened when they discovered that the Disk Zee was carrying 381 tons of arms and explosives.

Loaded at Civitavecchia, Italy, the arms had been declared destined for the Spanish port of Cádiz. But the Disk Zee had sailed straight past the port to northern France, and last week it was in Cherbourg where the cargo was being checked against the ship's papers.

Why the name change and where was it taking the arms? The French said the vessel had been chartered by the Spanish company Barreiros Hermanos (pronounced), and though Barreiros immediately denied responsibility for the Disk Zee or its cargo, specialists confirmed because the company (founded by four brothers who have made fortunes manufacturing everything from munitions to furniture) has been linked

to a number of unusual arms deals. Last November, Canadian media related the odd sale of 21,688 artillery shells sold, according to the Canadian export license, by Montreal's Space Research Corporation to the Spanish government. Delivered to Barreiros in Barcelona, most of the shells ended were shipped out three months later. Barreiros said they had been returned to Space Research in Canada, but overwhelming evidence suggested the vessel on which they were loaded had been heading for South Africa in defiance of arms embargoes.

Mystery also shrouded a cargo of 2500 rifles aboard the vessel Alfa, which was seized last September by British authorities on suspicion that the rifles were intended for the IRA. When the British released the Alfa, it sailed back to Belgium, where it had picked up the rifles, and unloaded them Barreiros, the magazine, and they were not what their client had ordered. But the identity of the client and the destination of the arms—issue rumored to be South Africa or South America—were never cleared up.

Though insignificant by United States standards, Spanish arms exports—\$66 million worth in 1977—have increased rapidly, chiefly in Third World countries. The largest exporting company, Defco, is 51-per-cent state-owned. Among the shipments which have provoked controversy have been

Disk Zee (left) (Bretter Trailer) in Cherbourg (the smaller ship) in the murky waters

munitions and weapons for Chile and aircraft and light arms for Nicaragua.

Two years ago, four Spanish-made carrier vessels were rented by Portugal to South Africa, raising a storm of protest, and negotiations are reported in progress to manufacture frigates and aircraft carriers for Argentina, a deal considered to income thousands of Argentinean workers within Spain.

Government regulations are said to be as tough as anywhere else in Europe—Barreiros points out that even though a cargo does not touch Spanish soil, the company must still obtain a license for the cargo, and must be checked—the activities of a business where secrecy is an article of faith can baffle the most zealous investigators, as French authorities were learning last week.

It emerged that the intended ports of call of the Disk Zee (or Bretter Trailer) were Morocco in Kenya, and Punta Arenas, in Chile. As for why it had changed its name, speculation ran that it had taken the name of a sister ship because it did not reach the maximum insurance required for vessels carrying munitions. Is there a vessel named Bretter Trailer lurking about? What is its cargo? The answers, as often, are hidden in the murky waters of the international arms trade. **David Raloff**

India

Horse trading with the pros

Alexis Kopyev was put off. The pros and cons of international diplomacy had become mostly give, and as the Soviet premier ended his official stay in India last week, he bore the troubled air of a horse trader. Indian Prime Minister Morarji Deas's government had gravely annoyed all the aid Kopyev had come armed with and, ungratefully, offered nothing in return.

Kopyev's visit, part of the Sino-Soviet tag of war in Asia, was designed to head off recent moves to end India's long-standing feud with China since 1969, when it upset Peking by sheltering the Dalai Lama. What the Soviet leader hoped for was Indian condemnation of China's invasion of Vietnam and assurances that the front between New Delhi and Peking was once again icy cold. He even had reason to think his hopes would be granted. In February, when External Affairs Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee was on a bridge-building official visit to Peking, he had asked his bags to precede at the aviation and returned home.

So much, however, for dead hopes. While Kopyev labored to persuade Deas to join him in a demonstration of Chinese aggression, intimidation and "unpleasantness," Vajpayee was busy signing a weapons agreement. But the Chinese had "wise leaders." Of Chinese Vice-Chairman Teng Hsiao-ping, Vajpayee said: "Mr. Teng is forthright. Teng is tough. Teng is blunt, it is a joy to talk to him."

The talk was clear, and a muffled Kopyev craned scheduled topics of agricultural and industrial projects to free



India's President Neelam Sanjeev Reddy (left) Kopyev will do much for him hopes

his time for further intensive private talks with Deas. The Soviets had offered to help build a massive steel mill on India's east coast, he recalled, and India had accepted with alacrity. But what about Kopyev's (Cambodia)? Why hadn't India recognized the government which, with Vietnamese help (and Soviet aid), had overthrown the bloody Pol Pot regime? Deas replied, a little abruptly, that the new government did not satisfy Indian requirements for recognition because it was not completely in control.

The Soviets offered to help build a plant against problems complex. The Indians were delighted. But what about Chinese aggression, Kopyev asked? What were India and the Soviet Union to say about that in the coming year at the end of his visit? Or that

subject, Deas bent a fraction. The Indians were not going to join in any grudging dissociation, he indicated, but if Kopyev wanted to launch disputes from India and his hosts would give him television time. So the Soviet premier went on TV to claim that the "complete insolvency and fecklessness of the Chinese policy is now clear to one and all."

Also, not quite all. So Kopyev made a final attempt to convince Deas. After the aid agreements and protocols had been signed, he scheduled a last private meeting, and the final room was held up in case of a breakthrough. Some came, however. Vietnam was dismissed in a sentence that simply echoed a stand the Indian government had taken: public long before the most a demand for immediate, unconditional and total withdrawal of Chinese troops. Kampuchea did not even get a mention.

Peter Niesenrath

The spy who couldn't get into the cold

William Hartley a problem was that he couldn't get into the cold. He came as it lay had just begun when there he was halfway stopped off the coast of Annapolis. It took away in a result of a bureaucratic blunder. The CIA went to what William Hartley does for a living. It will send him down to the sea in a small boat, but for nearly a week Hartley was at all charged with cold ship building.

It was the classic case of mistaken identity. The highly secretive Deep Enforcement

Agency (DFA) thought it had finally cracked the code. William Hartley was a spy who had been in the CIA since 1954. At all times he seemed to point to Hartley, who had just moved to northern Virginia from Texas.

Last fall a man identified as William Hartley was seen with ship building in California. News Network. He was also seen attending a dinner last of musicians, in Texas a month later. In November government officials followed a plane into Mexico and later found it back in Texas simply left all leaving traces of mystery. So they set about trying to locate the pilot. Gas station attendants and motel owners along the route told investigators that a man named Bill Hartley was flying a jet, and he was going to get to the airport.

The officials checked with aviation authorities and found that a William Hartley of Dallas had a student pilot's license. The search soon led them to the CIA, where one William Hartley had just got a job. He was already wanted by the CIA.

On spokesman Dale Peterson now says that Hartley had been attending a hearing court during the time he was accused of spending in Texas and New Mexico. But Peterson was not with the agency. He was left in place for almost a week until the nervous CIA confirmed that his alias was wrong and charges were quietly dropped.

In free defense, the officials said that at least but people who were shown photos of the man in a yellow shirt they began to see in the ship building plot. But the mystery of the other William Hartley, who must at least resemble the novice spy, remains. **Catherine Fox**

Asier that there are strange things afoot in the midnight sun by men who'd for gold, three Canadian actresses, like Lamplein, 30, D.D. Winters, 30, and Sherry Lewis, 25, are nothing if not curious about heading off to the Yukon where they will shoot the 14-episode movie *Klondike Fever*. Especially in light of the fact that their co-starring opposite will be the rugged *Red Streak*. The movie, based on Jack London's 1898 travel memoirs, will cast the trio in Yukon girls-in-woman of the night. A formidable task, considering the north-lawn's marriage winter evenings. While Lamplein plans to do homework on London's life and Winters wants to talk to Pierre Perron in preparation for the film, Lewis thinks her background will stand her in good stead. An accomplished equine and past performer as Diamond Lil in a Toronto cabaret, Lewis is ready for the role. "Back in the 1980s the women would get around on horseback," she said. "Of course, that's if they got out of their rooms at all."

It was a case of the age of the remake. Shooting the Age of Argentina last week when the long-awaited, over-budgeted movie version of the 1967 rock musical *Hair* was screened at a \$125-a-ticket gala benefit at old New York's Columbia University school of Fine Arts. It happens that *Hair*'s director Miles Forman (the *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* film) is a film prof at Columbia. It was no surprise that a few of these hair's brighter lights were engaged to show up and hold out for the weekly issue. Attending were Quins

Forman and friends, shaking out style



Lewis, Lamplein and Winters: strange things afoot. Paul Simon, Charles Grodin and Ray Romano, but noticeably absent is *Tharp*. Tharp, America's avant-garde modern dance choreographer, who was commissioned to design *Hair*'s 30 per-

centage numbers. After spending two years on her first movie project, Tharp was somewhat baffled to find that only nine minutes of dance survived Forman's five cuts in the editing room. "He had a creative conflict," said Forman. "I decided to do it my way and she was a little bitter. I can understand that."

"Young couples wear tuxedos, and they're a lot different than about 15 years ago," says *West Side Story*, 52, the older stagecoach of hip-hop social satire, who was in Toronto last week to help celebrate the anniversary of a local comedy club. Toting his mandatory newspaper and wearing the grey-faced pants and cashmere sweater that have been his trademark since 1953, the Montreal-born comic set out to prove to an audience of Roanoke radicals and Baby-Boom nostalgists that he hasn't lost his biting wit. The routine took "Kills the immediate family and leaves the mortgage standing." American politician "Linda Farrow lost in a Democrat, baby" floored to a Republican. Personally I prefer jazz." Women. "I pay them the

ultimate compliment, I assure to them." Though he now spends most of his time in Washington, where he has a radio talk show, Ruhl spared a moment to summarize Canadian politics. " Trudeau's wife left him, Clark's wouldn't."

It wasn't that he didn't trust his publishers, but when 41-year-old Vancouver writer William Desverell was presented with his \$50,000 (in \$10 bills) prize for winning Seal Books' "First Novel Competition," he started counting. Shrewdly. Admitting it would take "five or six days" to make certain all the cash was there. Desverell, who beat out 215 other budding best sellers, picked up the literary loot last week for his manuscript *Nordica* (to be published Oct. 11), a novel about Vancouver's drug underworld which he wrote on sabbatical last year. "I knew there was a book in me," said the former police reporter for the *Vancouver Star-Phoenix*, who bowed up on *Parade* before writing his book. "The money was secondary." And although as the recently elected president of the B.C. Civil Liberties Association Desverell doesn't quite fit the image of a starving, garret-bound artist, the reward will come in handy. "He really needs that money," cracked Jack McClelland, president of McClelland and Bennett Ltd. "He's got holes in his shoes."

Desverell: novice novelist with holes in holes



As an underworld boss, actor-singer Paul Williams looks about as forbidding as the Pilobolus dough boy and, as a prostitute turned stripper, Montreal actress Cosma Cosma was no unconcerning the bad to research the role. But given the willing misnomer of disbelief, that's the way the day is out in the upcoming movie *Seven Cold Dead*, based on Hugh Gar- nar's novel *The Sex Stripper*. Cosma,

Cosma, Williams trouble with body image

38, whose film experience has been mainly limited to French-speaking roles, had less trouble taking flight than she did with her body image. To remedy the situation, she took a crash course in the bump and grind by touring Montreal strip joints and hiring a Toronto stripper as a film consultant. "It was very hard for me," said Cosma, who will play a striptease girl in a new rnc comedy series called *Flappers* (scheduled to air in September). "I've never seen any strippers before, but they were very helpful and, surprisingly, very good dancers."

As a master of seamy relationships and social-humor movies, playwright Tennessee Williams (*A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Summer of '42*) couldn't have devised a better script. And although he probably wishes he had thought of it first, real life lent him in the past. Some 11 Williams' home in Decatur, Miss. West, which is managed by his longtime caretaker Frank Foster, who Williams describes as, "A friend... very eccentric, but harmless." Some 11 Foster is deceased Jan. 5, but through the head, these times. Murder is suspected. Some 11 Foster's wife is recently spread by the executor of his will and among the contents are items which Williams maintains have been stolen from him. "The things collected over the years were some of my personal letters, pictures, one of my earliest journals and the only copy of a manuscript which I value very much," and the document last week. "Even friends aren't always what they seem." Carole

Edited by Jane O'Hara



SHARP: GUY LAWRENCE



Joining the towers that be



The Olympia & York Renaissance: Paul Albert and Ralph in a 1980 photo (left) and (right) the Bordenman, Peter (left) and Edward last week. An eye to go on rise

Edward is the first to come, walking carefully, as if on padded feet, one shoulder putting ahead of the other so the body can slip quickly, though any door only slightly ajar. He wins when a camera's electronic flash plays its eerie game with his tan-tinted skin and chocolate-brown hair. Next is Peter, only a bit more open than Edward, but with a tinge of apoplexy, jangling along the Montreal hotel hallway, with limbs apologetically made a shade-shaded corporate-sports-out and brown sticks. The Bordenmans have arrived. Any catch that does not say 10:30 is met as the 10th annual meeting of Trizec Corporation Ltd., crown jewel of the \$8-billion diadems that is the family trust, Roper Investments Ltd.

While Edward, 51, dispenses grace and force before the meeting begins to the sparse crowd of 30 shareholders and 40 guests sprinkled with services, a lord, a Congress candidate and former Montreal Canadian general manager Sammy Pollock, 60-year-old Peter is head-to-head at the podium with Trizec President and Chief Executive Officer Harold Mianowsky. Their conversation is swift and searching before the rigorously conducted 15-minute annual meeting last Thursday, because a deal

to include new partners in Trizec's \$8-billion business has already begun to cook elsewhere the day before. First, real-estate octopus Olympia & York Developments Ltd. is signing on to share in Trizec's profits flowing from the all-free towers that skewer the urban skies and the close shops that sprout in the suburbs.

Enfolded in this newly divided Trizec are Brunswick-based in Saint John, Calgary Place, Montreal's Place Ville Marie, Toronto's Yorkdale Shopping Centre, Detroit's historic Fisher Building—a What's Where of North America, \$1 million rentable space, first plus retirement lodges, mobile-home communities, hotels and apartments. Now dealing with the aphorism of the legendary Sam (The Senator) C. Bordenman, in a family which makes the Bordenmans gentilest for privacy link like an eye to go on. They are the Bordenman brothers, Albert, Paul and Ralph, whose O&Y Canada's largest private building and development company, with an estimated \$1.5

billions in assets, in Toronto alone, they have built more than 180 office and industrial buildings, including the 70-story First Canadian Place, there's also Ottawa's Place Bell Canada, Calgary's Skiff Centre and, in the last two years, they bought 12 buildings in New York City for almost \$480 million.

Like the Bordenmans, the Bordenmans empire began with a father Samuel Fred Hiner's Empire for Worcester, then Toronto in the 1950s where a consortium and the business led to today's buildings. Working in narrow-lapel dark suits, middle wearing fedoras or the yarmulke of their Orthodox Jewish religion, the Bordenmans offered \$157 million last month for control of English Property Corp. Ltd., Britain's third largest property company. English Property's complex position in Trizec

means it has been receiving an asset profit since the Bordenmans, but because control of English Property brings four Trizec board seats, the Bordenmans have been scrambling to find all the outsiders. Cracked Peter, after the annual meeting, "We should be making peace, not war."

In fact, he was. Staff reports were saying that trying to outbid the Bordenmans, as well as gaining control of English Property, would be costly. "There was a real dollar problem," admits an insider apologetically, "paying higher than the Bordenmans bid and then having to pay substantial money just to retain its property portfolio." The Bordenmans, who had already been led up time by the Dutch real-estate firm, Worldwide, that was latched by the Bordenmans' Canada-Bureau Holdings Ltd., began to realize the cost of the take-over, too, and were responsive to Bordenman offers in the days before the Trizec annual meeting. It turned serious last Wednesday when Albert and Paul Bordenman talked with Trizec Board, a senior partner with the Toronto law firm Tey, Tey, Deslauriers & Binnington as well as an Elder director. Settlement was in sight, when talks resumed after lunch Thursday in the Grand Marais offices at 3025 Peel Street. Room was joined by Elder Director Jack Corbett, as well as Sammy Pollock and Trizec's Mianowsky. Peter Bordenman joined the group at 4 p.m. for negotiations that ended minutes before midnight when both sides signed a comprehensive agreement that assumes Olympia & York will gain control of English Property during the next six weeks. The Bordenmans will be able to appoint four of Trizec's 13-member board but the Bordenmans retain control of the other seats as well as management and operating style.

Where O&Y and Trizec have developed money in the same city, O&Y "will have to behave better than Canada's with," says the Bordenmans spokesman. "They have given undertakings to declare conflicts of interest." Also understood one firm will not begin a major development in a city where the other firm has a partially leased building. With the restructuring, English Property partnership in Trizec, the Bordenmans agreed to share equally in the profits with the Bordenmans. For the Bordenmans, buying is easier than building. As real estate agent Ira Gluskin of Brown, Boulden, Wisker Ltd. says, "I always thought that the Bordenmans were smart, but it turns out the Bordenmans were smarter." A profitable realignment for the Bordenmans, detached privacy for the Bordenmans. But if power in the only apologetically, perhaps those are reasonable results from an affair.

Robert McQuinn

The south's but a few hops away

When Carling O'Keefe Ltd., then known as Canadian Breweries, acquired Doran's Northern Ontario Breweries Ltd. in 1971, it looked as though yet another regional enterprise had fallen to the "Big Three" beer oligopoly that also includes Molson's and Labatt's. Six years later Doran's employees pooled their resources and bought back the spring of four breweries and three soft-drink bottling plants. The \$175-million purchase included the 150 employee-owners with a healthy sense of self-determination that has yet to subside. In commemorating the centennial institution from corporate limbo, the board of directors realized the future lay in capturing a piece of the lucrative southern Ontario market.

"To stay so north with a shrinking market means we're virtually going to shrivel up," says Doran's President J. M. (Mac) Coulter of his plans to make the great leap westward. Mac 1. Gate are the hazy days of the pre-Curling era when Doran's commanded 12 per cent of the total beer in the market in Northern Ontario. During Carling O'Keefe's tenure, promotion of national brands was emphasized and regional brands with names such as Brew 56, Doran's Lager, Silver Spruce, Northern Ice and most notorious of all—Kaskawela Cream beer—all but forgotten by



Coulter, worker-owners move from the northeast to a mega-beer promotion area

southerners. A radical shift in consumer tastes from draught beer, once Doran's holdout, to bottled beer also took hold as Doran's brewed its way down to three per cent of the market. Re-educating northern beer drinkers

From the pits to the pendulum

There are moments in economic time when everything points in the same direction. Last week for once, the dollar was receding. Pooled anticipation for more than two years of recovery from the depths around 60 cents (U.S.) moving more than a cent one day to settle at 55.38 (cents) for whom an 85-cent back was to be a thing of lore at least that much more slowly. Most of the demand emanated from South Africa and other Middle East countries via Swiss banks. Encouraged by the National Energy Board's recent decision to increase gas exports to the U.S. as well as Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's efforts with U.S. President Jimmy Carter to stall the Alaska Highway gas pipeline, the Arabs were badly buying Canadian dollars to invest in Canadian oil and gas projects more attractive by the recent 10 per cent hike in oil price hike and the interim oil embargo. As price by the last oil government's recent 150-billion yen

and 7.5 billion Swiss franc borrowings and by news that the U.S. dollar appearing in print against the yen was not hurt by Europe's new monetary system. The Toronto stock exchange Composite Index closely kept to an all-time record high. As one foreign exchange trader explained: "With all that demand coming into a market that was already heavily oversold, it couldn't be but push the Canadian dollar up."

The Yale Canadian question: "However, how long will it last? With the March bond market over, the credit picture improving and the Canadian dollar's value rising, it's hard to see the dollar's prospects as better now than they have been in years. Most traders see it trading while between 55 and 60 cents—likely for exporters whose such needed "complete new advantage" to go to exporters such as the back end here up. The outlook is a firm one to what many consider the dollar's true value of 60 cents (U.S.). For that the back end up here to what we everyone else for the outcome of a federal election.

Ian Brown

In the existence of the local brew has proved to be a steep task. Doran's subjects make drugs into the vast, three-population rhomboid that stretches from Sudbury, Tennessee and Madison, to the Maricao border, large as the state is, it represents only one per cent of the total Ocasio market. "This is really what has concerned us," says Coulter, from his South Sea Marine office. "Spreading ourselves to this over so vast an area as Northern Ontario, where with a 200 million of Sudbury we can tap two million people in the Toronto market alone. Covering the southern market may be much tougher, but at least this won't have to drive all day to make us few calls."

Denn's proposal to march the aisles ruled by the mega-buck promotions of the national beer companies armed with only a fraction of the advertising dollars. Without the usual velvet ropes in for sports or a team of horses, Cooley courts on something that's always been a staple of beer: "If people that are looking for a different product, who are dissatisfied with what they have," the name Denn's will be dropped and replaced by the less personal but more evocative Northern Brewer Ltd. "We want a quick and ready identification with the name we use here," Cooley explains, fully expecting to sell third, southern customers 35 percent of the more than 100 million cases of domestic beer annually. Another national brewer, coming to a head? "If it's," he admits, "I'd be quite some time in the future."

Frank Pagnano

It's hard to think at the Bay

From the moment Madison's Bay, Co. directors Jim Barlow (chairman of British Columbia Power Products) and Alvin McGavin (McGavin Tower Master Bahamas) left the boardroom an hour early to catch a plane home to Vancouver for the weekend and then waited 20 minutes to let the driver of their rented airport limousine, it was a day of worst-case expectations. For 36 hours last Friday the directors of Canada's ailing newspaper, breaking only for a lunch on wheels, considered presser Ken Thomson's bid—made in the wake of a 1992 takeover attempt by the U.S. flag. "We used to get the grander yesterday, a serious, big President Bush McGavin and, 'We've only considered it tentatively.' But less is always more, and chances are McGavin is stalling for time, secure in the belief that major

institutional shareholders will wait until the eleventh hour for a better offer before tendering their stock. But McGraw-Hill's chairman, John P. McGraw, says that isn't going to happen. "The big directors are going to stay with us this week and then, according to McGraw, issue a more definite statement. In the meantime, as analysts across the land advise their clients to tender at least half their stock, McGraw played the professional. 'I don't think it's the board's business to tell off the offer.' Maybe. With that McGraw, waiting is always the game. As he went on to admit, "It has always been our intention... that the Ray would operate in a widely held pool of capital." Those plans don't seem to include Ken Thompson. ☐

**Nix pix;
fix clicks**

One of the Canadian film industry's traditional gags—money, talent and ideas aside—has always been a market. It barely exists. This week Dale Falsoner, president of Century One Films Inc., is tidying up the financial ends of what may be an answer. Working over the last nine months, the Turbo-tongued Falsoner has struck a



year deal between a group of "black-top investors"—as black-top as you can get—that includes Louisiana interests and the National Association of Petroleum Refiners. The deal is for the National Refiners Association (NIRA), who own more than 5,000 of the United States' 17,000 movie screens, to produce no fewer than 10 feature films at \$1 million each. It is hoped at least half the films will be produced in Louisiana. NIRA will be the connecting link between investors, writers-producers-directors, and NITA, which will approve or disapprove each project—before it can go across house lines, before anyone starts to pay for it. The deal is being made without major U.S. distribution agreements, but has such prospects as Old Possum, director of The Shrimp and the Walrus, and Wildvine Hunt, produced by Turner Master Ltd. Marshall, who Turner, a more interested in buying than in producing, has been buying ideas and talent, and is counting on his established baziers, whose principal representatives is John McCutcheon, president of Multiple Access Ltd., to land his novel film enterprise creditably. The deal is being made in the wake of the Columbia film industry has a long term contract to work toward. ☐



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Press

Front page challenge: suddenly, it's for real



For the past 13 of *The Gazette's* 301 years, *Walter Thompson* has controlled the Montreal newspaper's switchboard—and, some would say—a very odd 86, which newsmen acerbic deflated in February as the competing *Montreal Star* returned after an eight-month strike and began reading *The Gazette's* brightest bylines. Miller went to work to turn the tide, pouring her soul down at the threatened deletion of *The Gazette's* talented and reliable Terry Mosher (Aldrich), the heartbeat the customer said he gave in and agreed to stop.

Mosher's decision had the impact of his incisive drawings—and the scheduled flight down the street suddenly stayed on takeoff.

By mid-March, it was the *Star* newsmen that was moved in strategy. *The Gazette* was holding onto a strong lead over the afternoon rival, which before its debilitating strike by postmen, was unseparated leader. More than just newspaper profits may be at stake. Says Mosher, "It is inevitable that only one paper will survive—too many angles are leaving." Though that assessment is contrasted by the managements of both dailies, there is no doubt that the circulation war is being fought over the terrain of a dismantled English Montreal, for which loss of a newspaper would be distressing evidence of the community's fading vitality. But, with more than 600,000 of greater Montreal's 2.8-million people, English Montreal still constitutes a market greater than Calgary or Winnipeg and, with Canada's biggest newspaper claims behind them, neither *The Gazette* nor the *Star* is likely to capitulate easily.

After losing more than \$1 million in

"Star," *Gazette's* readers safely-side a war in the future in a dismantled community?

1977, *The Gazette*, property of Southern Bell Limited, snatched itself back to health on the fallout of money from the strike against CP Publications Limited's *Star*. *The Gazette* then granted the *Star's* return by announcing it would roll off a p.m. edition to deny the *Star* its afternoon monopoly. Hours later, the *Star* announced it would publish a morning edition.

Each paper is vouching to outright bribery to keep circulation figures artificially bloated and to subvert sales of the other. *Gazette* customers wishing to cancel are offered \$5 to keep buying the paper for another four weeks—a net profit to the customer of \$1. But *Gazette's* Assistant Publisher Robert McConnell reports that the *Star* is tempting *Gazette* carriers to defect for \$25. The *Star* also has a "mystery shopper" who stalks about the city with \$50 rewards for news vendors aggressively pushing the *Star*.

Star Publisher William Goodhue claims circulation is just under 180,000, compared to the pre-strike 170,000. But *Gazette* spies within the printers' union serving both papers claim the true *Star* sales are down to an anemic 180,000. For its part, *The Gazette* claims daily sales of 175,000, compared to the dismal 100,000 before the *Star* strike.

Coming just weeks after the folding of the French-language *Montreal-Matin*, fatally eroded by a long labor dispute, the *Star's* frenzied expression what anxieties still seem reluctant to accept in the daily newspaper business, strikes make about as much sense as drinking hemlock. David Thomas

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Education

Go abroad, young man, the home front's hell

A resolution denouncing the "liberalism of the political prisoners of Quebec" passed by some members of the Quebec counterpart of the Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO) was the last straw for Alex Griffith of Prince Edward Island. After 30 years as a executive chairman and organizer for CUSO's program of sending doctors, farmers, teachers and others to work in Third World countries, he quit. Says Griffith: "Fascism within the organization is destroying it."

Members of CUSO's Quebec division (CUSO (Service Universitaire Canadien) Outre-mer) passed the controversial resolution at their annual meeting last October. And according to Griffith, who was a member of CUSO's board of directors, some CUSO members want to alter the overseas program and use the organization as a platform to espouse political views. CUSO Secretary-General Yves Madore says the Quebec resolution, passed by 3000 members comprising staff and former volunteers, was never acted upon by the organiza-

tion's administrative committee. He labels it "unfortunate and unrepresentative of the beliefs of most members." But Griffith—and others like-minded CUSO directors—views the resolution as only one of many 2000 political actions which have polarized members and jeopardized the organization's funding from Ottawa.

The Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), which provides approximately 90 per cent of the money for CUSO and 3000, is investigating whether it will now come up with the budget request of \$11.5 million for the next fiscal year. (CIDA contributes some \$1 billion to foreign aid projects on behalf of the department of external affairs. In the case of CUSO it pays for recruitment, training, travel, supervision and administration. The volunteer volunteers receive a stipend by their host countries at local rates.)

A previous rift within CUSO led to its complete restructuring in 1973 from a single agency to two independent divisions—one anglophone and one franco-

phone—headed by a 29-member board of directors. The Quebec resolution, coupled with the firing of CUSO Executive Director Robin Wilson, prompted the resignations of Griffith and two other directors and, says Griffith, was the final push in an attempt to change the organization from within. Griffith and his Zwick of Nova Scotia (who also resigned) attended a meeting of representatives from CUSO's 18 Atlantic region universities and signed letters withdrawing support from CUSO in protest. Three did so: the University of Prince Edward Island in Charlottetown, Nova Scotia Technical Institute in Halifax and St. Francis Xavier in Antigonish, Nova Scotia. The others stayed in, says Zwick, only out of concern for the objectives of CUSO.

Says acting vice-president of CIDA's special programs Ronno Malone: "The extent of dissatisfaction with CUSO's operations is the key to whether the organization receives CIDA money this year. If the CUSO 2000 dispute is merely a temporary hiccup, then funding will continue. If, on the other hand, the problem represents a struggle to the death, then we must think twice about putting public money into a leaky pot." Malone is expecting a report of the results of an investigation into CUSO affairs on April 1. "Whatever happens," he says, "existing overseas placements will not be disrupted."

Board members Theron Craig of Cal-

A pen can write a signature, or be one.



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Volunteer doctor (top), marriage (below) overseas, CUSO SUCC emblem, a photo divided may be a chance squandered

gary and Betta Hewes of Edmonton have both stated that nothing short of a complete divorce between CUSO and SUCC will solve the problem. Hewes threatens to resign unless this is done. After Wilson's firing, Craig wrote a letter to CUSO, urging the agency to take a close look at CUSO/SUCC. Craig says many SUCC actions have alienated politicians and public alike. Among these were a pro-Palestinian pamphlet which criticized Israel and support for the Polisario movement in the West Sahara region. "I agree with some of these positions," he says, "but feel they have no place within an organization like CUSO."

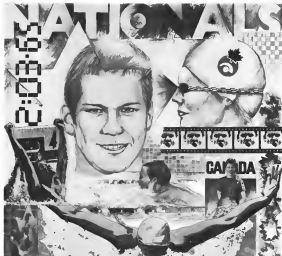
Craig says SUCC receives one-third of CUSO's funds for overseas work, but sends only one-quarter of the volunteers. Some of this surplus money is being spent on education programs in Canada to expose students in Third World countries. According to figures supplied by SUCC's Madore, SUCC received \$8.7 million last year (or \$15,200 for each of its 180 workers) and CUSO received \$4.3 million (or \$5,800 for each of its 600 workers). CUSO gave another \$423,200 for educational and special programs to match \$479,000 raised by both organizations from the public. Madore explains that SUCC's costs per worker are higher because it has fewer of them and they are more geographically scattered. SUCC handles placements in mostly francophone countries and CUSO works in the remainder of the Third World.

Ronen Bindman, a SUCC worker in Mali until he cut short his two-year stint as a teacher because the regime was "repressive," believes the money would be better spent informing Canadians about racism, both here and abroad. Bindman, who authored the Quebec resolution on political prisoners, says it refers to those involved in the 1967 kidnappings, bombings and murder.

Whatever the outcome of the CUSO vs. SUCC feud, the situation is particularly upsetting to CUSO volunteers like teachers John Henderson of Toronto and his wife Annapa Balle, who are about to leave for Africa this week with 28 others. Aged between 30 and 35, the group includes doctors, farmers, soil and die makers, mechanics and teachers who will interrupt their careers to work for Third World governments.

Henderson and his wife have just returned from a CUSO post in Papua, New Guinea. They say that they fear the rift may eventually mean the scrapping of the overseas program. Says Henderson: "CUSO workers provide real grassroots help to poor nations. What a pity if politics at home sidetracked such an important and valuable program."

Diane Francis



It took one man just over 2 minutes to bring a nation together.

Graham Smith is one of the world's best at letter. Last year, every second of his lifetime of training exploded in a spray of charming water. When he touched the wall of the pool for the final time, he was a world record holder in the 200 metre individual medley. Canadians were anxious in their pride of one month accomplishment! Graham Smith and every member of Canada's excellent amateur swim team strive for international recognition as the best in the world in their field. Their goal was lonely one. But they can't do it alone.

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Religion

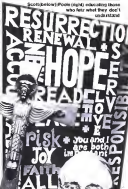
Moving to resolve an 'unthinkable paradox'

It's a delicate fact matrix that was both courageous, and controversial, that Anglican Church's House of Bishops accepted the ordination of non-practising homosexuals as priests. The move, at a time when conservative fundamentalist religions in the apostolic—and Anglican—attendance are going down—again demonstrates Archbishop Edward W. Scott's commitment to controversial social causes, such as his church's 1976 acceptance of women priests. But for his trouble, the archbishop has caught flak from all sides. The Toronto Star branded the decision "a manifestation of the liberal deathwish," and bishops across the country burned to reassure a troubled laity that the church did not accept homosexuality as a normal lifestyle.

The Anglicans reacted to pressure from homosexuals and others within the church to unite the two poles of what for many is an unbridgeable paradox—so be both gay and Christian. But for the past several years, thousands of Protestants and Catholics homosexuals in groups across Canada have been pushing for acceptance as full members of their respective churches. While gays reject the Anglicans' consideration of homosexual practice, they see the ordination decision as symbolic victory. "People still live in fear, there's no question about it," says Carman Poole, 38, a post-graduate divinity student at Toronto's Trinity College and member of Integrity, an international association for homosexual Anglicans.

"The Anglican church—all churches, in fact—have ordained gay clergy, but

Scott (below) (Poole right) celebrating those who fear what they don't understand.



they don't like to say so." Of Canada's 2,600 Anglican priests, Poole says: "Fifteen per cent may be homosexual but a share still can't say. Most of X 10's sharing the rest stay silent. We have to educate straight people fear what they don't understand."

Homosexuals thought they had found a measure of acceptance when a United Church task force on human sexuality, headed by Reverend Jim Hillson of Calgary, stated that "sexual expression is appropriate when it occurs in the context of a loving and committed relationship—for both heterosexuals and homosexuals." But a United Church Observer editorial shut down the recommendation, and discussion of a second report on sexuality at the general council in 1980 promises to be contentious.

One reason that the Anglican, United and other relatively liberal churches are coming to grips with homosexuality is that today's conservative leaders

have a harder time denying and ignoring evidence from both scientific and biblical sources. Says one insider: "These days social action meetings are just as much in United Church circles." But even the mainstream Catholic Church, while periodically denying it shares the homosexual "backlash" with its Protestant brethren, is not exempt. Groups such as Dignity, a lay organization of gay Catholics with 60 chapters in the U.S. and seven in Canada (Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and St. John's), defy the struggle going on in Canada's churches. Calgary's Gerry Moran, Dignity's regional director, says that in Vancouver, "the church allows us to exist but our existence is not acknowledged, while in Toronto we are officially recognized."

The recognition, however, seems grudging. Father Tim Ryan, chaplain to the Toronto chapter, is being discussed as lecturer of social ethics at the St. Augustine Institute of the Toronto School of Theology. "The review given for my dismissal is general unacceptability," he says. "There is no doubt that my involvement in Dignity has something to do with that." But Father Ryan will remain in the church. "A group of homosexuals who insist on staying inside the church," he explains, "cannot be written off as a lunatic fringe."

For mainstream Christians who tire of controversy, the main alternative is the Metropolitan Community Church (MCC), self-described as a Christian church with a ministry to the gay community. Founded in California in 1968 by Troy Perry, a Pentecostal minister converted from his church after "coming out," MCC has 25,000 members and 121 congregations worldwide, including ones in Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Toronto and Ottawa.

While gay Christian groups and churches tend to demonstrate the integrity, the most recent denominational move: Brian Kehiliah, a congregation of homosexual Jews in Toronto, belongs to the International Conference of Gay and Lesbian Jewish Organizations, which lists 15 groups in the U.S. and four overseas. "The situation in Toronto," says a spokesperson for Brian Kehiliah, "is positive. The reform movement supports us in our activities."

For most homosexuals with religious inclinations, however, the road to Rome will be a long one. Canada's mainline churches, although concerned, are far from fully accepting homosexuals. Says Carman Poole, "We want to be known as responsible Christians, living out a faith commitment. We'll work for change within the church. You'll be hearing from us." Michael Sallier

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Medicine

Playing the ace in a high-stakes brain game

The whoppers and rags are here being thrown through the hulls of Alberta's medical institutions for more than a year. That shock, followed by euphoria, still rippled through the province's medical fraternity when Premier Peter Lougheed released his latest major plan—the promise, upon re-election, of a \$500 million endowment fund aimed at creating a medical research fund to rank with the best in the world.

The pro-election timing of the announcement—which specified that the

funding would come from Alberta's \$4-billion Heritage Savings Trust Fund—has been assailed by critics as a needless exercise in political expediency. But the Lougheed vision—called the Alberta Heritage Foundation for Medical Research—has put Alberta on the road to becoming a principal center for medical research. On the contrary, a "Heroson of the North" which could one day rival the University of Texas' renowned medical centre.

Research has been the key word for the "brain centre" scheme ever since work

began more than a year ago. The man in charge, Dr. John E. Bradley, former chairman of Alberta's Hospital Services Commission and now special consultant to the Alberta government on medical research (working directly under the aegis of the premier), spent the time in consultation with leading members of Alberta's academic and scientific community. Bradley's work culminated in a plan for a nonprofit foundation run by a nine-member board of trustees—five appointed by the government (one of them chairman), one from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Alberta, one from the Medical Services Research Foundation and one each from the boards of the universities of Calgary and Alberta—which would be responsible for all grants and awards. The foundation will be funded with the \$30-million initial infusion from the endowment. The amount, almost half the federal Medical Research Council's budget for 1979, will go directly to researchers and medical scientists working under the auspices of the Health Sciences Centre in Edmonton and Calgary.

The "Heroson" plan had its genesis in the fall of 1976 with the announcement that an estimated \$100 million from the Heritage Savings Trust Fund would be spent on a three-phase construction of Edmonton's Health Sciences Centre. The structure, to be completed in 1982, will house the most up-to-date combined education, treatment and medical research facility ever conceived. The first step was quickly followed by the announcement that \$50 million also from the fund would aid construction of Southern Alberta Children's Hospital in Calgary, a centre for the paediatric assessment and treatment of children with complex health problems.

A further \$50 million, over the next five years, was earmarked for cancer and life science research projects, to be carried out at the Southern Alberta Cancer Centre, also in Calgary; the centre will conduct research in diagnostic radiology, occupational and environmental risk factors associated with cancer, and sophisticated radiobiology treatment—testing to discover what side effects play in cancer therapy.

Finally, last August, the Lougheed government proudly announced that two million of its mega-dollars had been used to back a pharmaceutical company called Chembiosed Ltd. Chembiosed, incorporated in the University of Alberta campus, was the culmination of almost two decades of dedicated research by Dr. Raymond W. Lenzewski and 34 research assistants in the university's chemistry department. Lenzewski's discovery deals with highly technical synthetic compounds used in analyzing blood groups and could lead to diagnostic

systems in life-sustaining blood products. Lenzewski's work, protected by Chembiosed patent, places Alberta in a world leadership role in blood technology and is the envy of every major pharmaceutical company. The comparatively small government investment in Chembiosed is central to Lougheed's "Heroson plan." It will ensure that not only the idea but Chembiosed's profits from sales (estimated worldwide to be in the tens of millions of dollars) and new jobs resulting from the discovery will remain in Alberta.

Some critics point out that money is not in itself a strong enough magnet to attract bright, young medical researchers. Spoken for by the U.S.-funded Institute of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, which annually hands out \$2.5 billion in federal funds for medical research, but that although \$30 million a year will buy a lot of sophisticated equipment, it is still that eternal costly, called prestige—the reputation of the research institution—which attracts the best in medical research. "At the moment, much of the research coming out of Alberta can be considered third-rate," says Dr. Tal Tabib, director of the Edmonton Cancer Program Institute. "The real secret in medicine has to be to send people away to do first-class research, then attract them back to Alberta." According to the endowment plan, however, the seductive lure of almost unlimited research funds will have a domino effect within the scientific community: the money will first attract existing "teams" of scientists and their post-graduate fellows, who in turn will bring their new ideas in clinical research and medical equipment, the ideas and equipment will mean patients and prestige for Alberta, it is Chembiosed.

The fund's planners expect it to play a very important role in checking the migration of highly trained medical personnel to the United States. In fact, the trend has already started in reverse itself. "I was attracted to return to Canada, and specifically Alberta, partly because of the growing reputation this province has in medical research," says Dr. Terry Allen, professor and research scientist in the department of pharmacology at the University of Alberta, who was born in Belleville, Ontario, and did post-doctoral studies at the universities of Alabama and Miami. "The people who are already here have excellent reputations in their fields, but the cutting thing about the plan is that it can't help but attract bright, well-trained people with refreshing insights—to Alberta."

The consensus among researchers and scientists is that Peter Lougheed's dream of Alberta as a medical mecca may soon come true. Wayne Black

Science

Thin is beautiful, and right on time

The Swiss are justifiably proud of their country's stunning beauty. Tucked away in the rooftop of Europe, they live in long, easy valleys richly carpeted in painted green, protected from the elements by serrated ridges of snow-capped mountains. For centuries the people of this tiny land have taken for granted their inalienable reputation as the world's finest watchmakers.

Then, suddenly last summer, their tranquillity was disturbed when word arrived that another elegant people in a far-off land had challenged that sacred heritage. The Japanese, they were told, had produced the "world's thinnest watch"—a debate, \$5,000 chronometer masterpiece only 25 millimetres thick. Deceiving with indignation, the Swiss scratched up the gasp-sheet by Japan's largest watchmaker, Seiko Time Corporation, and assembled a hand-picked team of experts to "redefine and specially construct almost every part, including battery, motor, dial, and supply a crystal." The result? In January, the Concord Watch Corporation announced the creation of DeLorian L, an elegant wrist of 18-karat gold, sapphire and computer technology 30-per-cent thinner than the Seiko watch.

About as thin as a dime, the 1.36-millimetre DeLorian L claims a company official, has scaled the limit of ultra-thin watch technology. A slip of one-thou-

thousandth of an inch is the manufacturing process, the said, would reduce the entire mechanism to scrap.

The Swiss decided to break the two-millimetre barrier because, in the international watchmaking business, "thickness is synonymous with superior technology, fashion, and quality." It is the industry's semaphoric. "The Japanese tried to claim a supremacy that they never had," says Gerry Grinberg, president of the North American Watch Corporation in New York, the U.S. distributor of the \$4,000 DeLorian L. This claim could not go unchallenged, particularly in light of the steady encroachment by the Japanese of the previously unchallenged Swiss dominance of the global watch market (\$2 million net export reported in 1977, now poised to Japan's 21 million).

In an age of sleeping watches, isn't the ultra-thin watch a perilous, if not suicidal, marketing strategy? Perish the thought. "The price has not been a factor at all in the sale of ultra watches," asserts a company official. Within 14 weeks of going on sale in New York's Tiffany & Company, four of the slender wonders had been snapped up and by the end of the day the initial shipment of 39 had gone. This is definitely in bloom of the 1979 North American advertisement of the DeLorian L have already been spoken for. And for these delicate enough to make the investment, the watch should be available in Canada in a bout three months. Allan Bailey

\$4,400 (DeLorian, ultra, ultra-thin, ultra-thin)



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Television

Looking without paying through the nose

For New Yorker Deanne McDonald, pay-television was the unexpected result of Joan. She didn't come out feeling far of balance, but she got socked with a \$20 tab for taking three children to the movies. Now the family pays a

combined fee of \$10 a month for cable television with subscription TV service, and last month saw *Airone*, *The Other Side of the Mountain*, *The Other Side of Midnight* and *Arnie Hall*. And with the regular repeat screenings of pay-TV,

den, and for young families, it's just a damn good value." At Showtime Entertainment, HBO's biggest competitor, President Jeffrey Koss has an even more expansive view of the audience. "There are a lot of single people and older people, too, who just find this a more economical way to see movies." Science, the Supreme Court and network-produced boxsets have appeared to create pay-television's rapidly growing market. Street the omnipresence of daily domestic satellite service in 1975, pay-television companies have reduced transmission costs and technical problems while greatly multiplying the

McDonald says, "We can vote the PC scores first. When there's a whole lot of violence or sex or bad language, we try to prepare the children or discuss whether it's worth watching."

After a shaky beginning, subscription television in the United States has definitely arrived, with 3.6 million subscribers nationwide and predictions of 4.5 million by year's end. With that kind of success in the U.S., pay-TV may be peering into Canadian homes within an idle as a year (see box). "We're adding new subscribers at a rate of 10,000 to 100,000 a month," says Robbin Ahlrad of Home Box Office, the Time Inc. subsidiary that controls approximately 50 per cent of the market. "For the affluent, I think into is going to be the major, the check thing to have in your

one of their potential audiences. A landmark Supreme Court decision in 1977 elevated the network's right to the pay desirable programming for themselves. As a result, cable companies are finding that offering pay-television for about \$9 above their basic fee significantly increases sales. With 40 per cent of all cable subscribers now signing up for pay-television and major markets like Houston, New Jersey, Miami and Detroit not yet adequately covered by cable, the growth potential is exciting. The industry professes to be unfazed by potential competition from the new space-yourself decks that can be attached to any television set. "The cost of videotape is quite high and although video cassettes can reduce it somewhat, no video deck can compete with entertainment at about 16 cents a program," says Ahlrad. What does disturb pay-television operators are pirates who figure out how to plug in without paying. Methods range from such simple expedients as wrapping antennas with aluminum foil to black-market sales of "unauthorized" test decoders. In the states of the pirates range from one per cent of the total subscription audience to as high as 15 per cent, but whatever their number, pay-television is resolved to go after them in any way possible, including the use of non-famous called "smurf" tags that let operators switch off sets from a central location just as telephone companies can turn off phones.

The urge to steal, however, will probably stymie the development of detection devices, particularly as pay-TV stations continue to improve their programming. HBO and Showtime are even thinking of challenging commercial television on its own turf by producing their own series. With network TV reaching 74 million American homes, the networks have not experienced any worry about pay-television's expansion—so far. Nonetheless, says Koss, "If they know we're out here," For HBO's Ahlrad, pay-television rep-

resents much more than a way to cut into the Nielsen ratings. "I think we're producing the non-theatre of the future. We're different from commercial television in that we are unfettered by traditional time blocks. We can take a more leisurely pace and be more frank and authentic." He points to a recent HBO special featuring Robin Williams of *Mork & Mandy*. "Williams and what I guess you'd have to call street language," he admits. "It's probably not the kind of thing networks could use but we can present it without offending our audience." Well, not quite. Deanne

McDonald's children couldn't wait to catch the extraterrestrial Mork but their mother checked the program before they watched it. Her verdict: "That program was not for children." The McDonalds are not about to do without pay television because of a bit of mild vocabulary. "I just took the kids to *Superman*," she says. "I rent \$35 and they sat through it twice, but when they came out they all wanted to go back in and see it again. I told them that if they wanted more *Superman*, they'd just have to wait until it got to pay-TV."

Rita Christopher



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Only in Canada

So far, pay-TV in this country hasn't been a sparkling success story. As early as 1960 it was fed and flogged in a Toronto suburb (Etobicoke now 5,500 retail subscribers popped over into meters and land in its toll-free rows. Five years later, the experiment ended subscribers had dropped to 2,500. Today there's not as evidence proving Canadians want pay-TV but just in case plenty of big agencies are being dropped right now on the tip of Communications Minister Jacques Savard.

Savard, who first said in 1976 that a national pay-TV policy would be established, has been on plan for pay-TV and is trying to pull the provinces and cable companies into it. She wants a "rapid start" in national pay-TV network probably using satellite technology, which would let Canadian clients. Considering Savard's claim—not to mention the national mood—they might get it. Conceivably it could be government-sponsored but privately owned. "The only thing being I have is that we should not introduce too personal and that we capture the revenues that come from it," says Savard. One senior department official, though, confides that much of the current thinking is away from too

heavy government involvement in the enterprise. "I don't think we want to create another big monster like CRTC." Suddenly, there is a hole in planning that pay-TV can't be sold as a single service. It's being sold up directly by a few Toronto northern companies in Canada in 1980. 340 York homes are hooked up for \$22 a month to a Home Box Office such as it. Says one industry insider, "But we couldn't find a judge or police there who would price charges. Along the southern border some Ontario cities will be able to pick up pay-TV as well. The growing list in Ottawa is that unless policy is soon established, it could become American-dominated. The only successful pay-

TV in Canada serves about 12,000 Toronto homes and 1,700 in Vancouver. The last Board will set down with her provincial counterparts to map out her plans for (cable and low-pay-TV). She's being pressured to lower quality by pay-TV potential brands. A consortium of about 100 cable companies called Pay Television Network, lobbying for a privately owned, federally regulated, 24-hour-a-day wheel play TV really exists on across Canada. It will not be without its losses. Jim McCaughy, the local theatre owner in Paris, whose audience dropped by 20 per cent the last month pay-TV came there. It has been getting worse ever since. **Johanne LaRochelle**



Letting the sun shine in

HMM
Directed by Miles Forman

For *Broads* up, in 1967, it seemed like a breath of fresh air. The mixture of pop rock songs and an all-male first-act finale, of laid-back layabouts and raw theatrical energy, of four-letter words and four-part harmony, let a rare ray of sun shine in on Schubert Alley. The Children's Crusade had starred the Great White Way. Television was at hand. *Broads*—and, by extension, Hollywood—would never be the same.

Out to 1979, *Broads* up (with its comic-strip misadventures and Billy-wild with its tributes to teen icons of the '50s and '60s) are the same. *Nostalgia* has become an epidemic. So it shouldn't surprise that Miles Forman—fresh from *Our Place* over the Chelsea's Star, in which he made instantly both sympathetic and lovable—should turn *How* into the *Greatest of the Vietnam* generation.

Forman and screenwriter Michael Waller have returned 16 of the show's 35 songs, and fleshed out its skeletal plot. But the references to free love, film noir, racial politics and the generation gap are much gentler. The film's politics of love are shot as threatening

as an old, lecherous Carter grrr. There's no sex, or even eroticism, and the only overt homosexuality (in the movie) are a group of officers at an army camp induction camp. Most of the adults are unrepentant racists, like the school principal in '60s rock 'n' roll movies. And at theatres where *How* is showing, there's more dope being smoked in the audience than on the screen.

This is not to say that the movie isn't a lot of fun. Forman knows how to find appealing scenes and get the most from them. Treat Williams as Berger, the leader of this Central Park hippie pick John Savage as Claude, the *Oldfather* boss who (unintentionally) comes to New York City to be drafted and falls in with the group; Beverly D'Angelo as Sherla, the aristocratic rebel who loves back Reagan and Claude; Cheryl Barnes who was clerking in a Miami motel when she auditioned for the film and whose rendition of *Keep to the Fire* is *How*'s most electrifying solo, even from hip players like Donald Aldridge, an *MR* who is in a cert conversation with Berger; poetry well defines what is infuriating, authoritarian and frightening about the U.S. Army.

Music by *ex parte*, *How* delivers because Forman also knows how to grab an audience and hold it—for as long as the scene or the song lasts. He's calculating for both good and ill. He covers his bets. When Berger steps onto a hot spot table at Sherla's upper-class house and tips into *I Got Life*, Forman is careful to show that Berger is wearing sneakers (that's wrong, no sneakers on the table) and that his girl-friend is picking up the plates and candlesticks before the advertising hippie is on his property is safe. Is this the generation that revolutionized the U.S. that helped end the war, that forced a president to resign? No. These are hippies even Richard Nixon could live.

The kids from the '60s are loose in Central Park. But Carter's to go.

Maybe it's unfair to expect Forman's *How* to provide a radical reexamination of the '60s. After all, if the show had been too incendiary, it wouldn't have run on *Broads* for four years. Like any musical, it lived by its songs, which still have the power to move an audience to laughter, tears, rage and personal god-fearing. It's just a shame that a traumatic decade later the mass of *How* should be notified, teased, raised, now-dreaded and, most of all, de-loused until it has an arch-boss as Howard Carter's topper. **Richard Corliss**

Taking potshots at U.S. crockery

REAL LIFE
Directed by Albert Brooks

In *Real Life*, comedian Albert Brooks takes potshots at everything easily within range—well-meaning TV, soap-making vanity, psychological testing, modern gadgetry and middle-class American lifestyle. Those targets are fired off every which way, and the tone (there are three writers including Brooks) is so scary you can't get a fix on exactly what the big softest target is. Brooks is like a target, loose colloquy and who's angry, but doesn't know how to channel all his manic energy, because he hasn't yet found a comic voice. With his demure Afro and careful, deadpan style, he's a '60s leftover—a sensibility after Hoffman.

The inspiration for the re-visitatory humor of *Real Life* launches from a 30-hour series on PBS in 1973 called *An American Family* comprised of real

segments of a real family's life. Brooks takes it a step further: why not let the film crew see shaken interacting with a family selected for this movie after a battery of psychological tests. The family, the Yeagers, are perfect: mom and dad (Charles Grodin, Frances Lee McCain), two kids (boy and girl), swimming pool and quick dances of Tab and grins—pillars of society. Brooks and film crew (who were new-fangled cameras resembling television cameras over their heads) set out to show what drools these people see.

It's all not nearly as chaotic—or as vicious—enough, the irony being that the family's foibles are evident from the first few frames. Brooks has to take it further, otherwise it's not nature, merely lulling. He goes soft and gooey on the Yeagers, they turn into *Family* without the makeup. *Real Life* is a limited misanthropy of a movie—empty, but only on the surface.

Lawrence O'Toole

the story wrenched kind, ending and ending, and apparently offbeat all the time in Nevada. On those cars grinning cheeks. On the soundtrack is television music (also). *Real Life* has been muddled with misanthropy. There's nothing wrong with it. Nothing that beating your head against a brick wall for a full five minutes couldn't cure.

Lawrence O'Toole

A Rotary dinner for the deprived

THE LAST SUPPER
Directed by Tomas Alva

Few Easter New Year it's much like saying your parish priest is a nerd, but Cuban director Alva's bravely full political parable is likely to give you lives. To arrange the party he

deals for the treatment of slaves on his sugar plantation (late 18th-century Havana), the owner invites 12 slaves for a feast during Holy Week. And he feeds them a crock. They complain bitterly of their lot, the owner tries to pacify them by placing the social inequalities in a religious context. Christ suffered too, a saint's suffering is true freedom. They all get drunk (and that's the Head of the Table most people aren't that full when drunk). It's the blind leading the blind for a while there, but you just know there's going to be some kind of betrayal. There is the slaves revolt. Except for that revolt, Alva does a show an overbearing sense of drama or visual drama. Political society certainly isn't why guarantee of a good film idea, who made the wonderful *Memoirs of Underdevelopment*, has gone flat by protesting *hence* before an ideology. In *The Last Supper* he has organized a Rotary dinner for the deprived.

Lawrence O'Toole

Having a little too much to eat

FAST BREAK
Directed by Jack Shagel

Television head, Television Personality which began *People* magazine which began *Playboy* for celebrity which is why Television Personality is doing movies. Television Personality is why *Fast Break* got made. Television Personality is in this case, something called Gabriel Kaplan, who got famous for something called *Wolfe*. Back. *Wolfe* like any model TV, Gabriel Kaplan is, above all else, normal. He's so normal you could lose your lunch. Type of *People* type, you know Jewish boy. Chances of existing in big TV movies terrible. Nothing like of talent can't hinder.

In *Fast Break*, Television Personality plays a basketball coach who, having coached the ghetto, goes to Nevada with his tall black sons in the hope that he can make a college called *God* and later from obscurity by beating the state champion. Does he do it? In the Pope not Jewish? Gee of the boys on the team is actually a girl disguised. This is called script development. Television Personality also has a girl he leaves behind in New York, but he's in love with her. Movie script development. His mother, a good Jewish one, keeps telling people to have a little something to eat. This is called stereotype. What does she keep telling people to eat? Yes, a chopped liver. This movie is chopped liver.

Television Personality sets through

Kaplan and Alva: chopped liver film.



Politics is the art of the cruel, so the Liberals have seized upon a clever ploy

By Alan Fotheringham

There are certain people I would not want to be. I would not want to be, for example, the marriage guidance counsellor who predicts a long, happy state of wedded bliss for Patty Hearst, who married her kidnaper, and Susan Ford, who married her secretary guard. I have no desire to be Ron LeVine's hair restorer. The reason I do not want to be the public-relations officer who is assigned to restructure the image of Harold Ballard, who has consistently demonstrated himself to be a bore and a slutz.

In the same sense, as someone who is essentially a coward and cannot stand the sight of blood, I fervently do not wish to be Joe Clark in the election campaign. The reason I do not wish to be Joe Clark in the campaign (despite the demand that I decide to the impossibility) is that the man is going to be subjected to open ridicule of his leadership such has never been seen before in Canada. William F. Buckley was once asked why Bob Kennedy refused to appear on Buckley's interview show. "Why," said Buckley, "why does men reject the hamburger griddle?" The Liberal and Trudeau attitude to Joe Clark is exactly the same. They are sneering at feeding him the griddle. Politics is the art of the cruel and, since the Trudeau Liberals have failed at most everything they have tried in their 11 years in power, they won't run so what else, haven't they, they will run on what Clark might do. Or say. Or misquote. Or misquote. Or misquote.

For some months now the king's trustees, his cabinet ministers, have been market testing the basic punchline the Liberals will use in the campaign: Jean Chretien loves it (or likes Jeanette, in his selfishness syndrome, throws it out on the water). Even the dear Bob Andras, who can empty a hall in 12 minutes, once it is his one and only witness.

Here it is, memorize it, for you will hear it incessantly, as the campaign heats up. "Don't compare Pierre Trudeau to the Almighty. Just compare him to the alternative."

It's not a bad line, actually, though a jaded reporter suspects it was first coined probably 10 years ago by a parish pump politico in some Tennessee backwater Senator Keith Davey, the least of all recycled Liberal visions, has a long memory.

What is interesting, as we close in on the election, is that Trudeau himself is among in on the same approach. The line of attack was laid on nearly a year



ago during Leaders' Day in the Commons when Trudeau—after Clark had made a very good and quite tough speech—spent an entire hour questioning not only Clark's experience and education and growth potential, but his actual leadership. It was almost painful to watch and from that moment on could sense the thrust of the Liberal task for the election campaign.

Within the last week, at major Liberal fund-raising events all back ends of the country, Trudeau has come out of the closet and is now saying what his loyal lieutenants were tentatively suggesting before. Clark, as they would have you believe, is incompetent to run the country.

There is no prime exhibit, something you are going to hear again and again throughout the campaign. It is a tape recording, done into a CBC radio reporter's park, of Clark attempting to explain his party's plan to make interest on mortgage payments tax-deductible. It has never been claimed by sen-



one that Clark is an enormous genius, not that he is, with its statistics, descriptors, pauses and rambling, Trudeau logic is something of the order you play back at a Saturday night party.

Trudeau—whose management of the Canadian economy reveals, when you look at it, the same kind of brain-on-the-fly he has developed the timing of a Prior Uddson on reading out loud the Joe Clark mind in full flight. You, too, will soon be able to memorize it.

You will hear it that often in the campaign. It's as if the poor boy had bargued in public.

What is ingenious here is the ingrown sense of superiority. It would never occur to Liberals that they are life's supreme example of incidental hypocrisy. Their frontal attack on Stasheff in 1974 ("Zag!—You're front!"") was based on the argument that his platform of wage controls was impractical. The fact that the Trudeaus almost immediately announced that which they had denounced is beside the point. They had earlier demolished Stasheff's credibility.

Only the wage opposition was left.

This time, there may be a misapprehension. While Clark walked all over his tongue on his civilised world flip, both papers in Vancouver were at one, the major paper in Montreal was in the same line and none of the three Toronto dailies was subjected to some of the more passionate views about the innocent abroad. In fact, the voters of the three major metropolitan areas of the land knew little of Clark's inability to compromise on the globe.

Equally, there is strong doubt that anyone west of Toronto's Humber River really knows or cares about Clark's gaffe about "a stimulative deficit" or about David Crombie's distinction with "an emergency-subsiding." These subtleties are reserved to Toronto's media mafia and the Ottawa bathwater set.

As the Liberal nose Saunders, the attacks on Clark's cerebral qualities will accelerate. One trusts the lad has an impressive epiphany. The result of the election may rest on whether he has.

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